National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVII. NO. 28. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856. WHOLE NO. 859.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

The Spirit of the South.

LETTER FROM ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT.

From The Charleston Mercury.

We surrender our columns, this morning, to this able and striking letter. It reviews the past history of Federal legislation, exhibits the consequences of our past mistakes, and clearly shows the course which the Southern people ought to pursue in the future. The one great principle which Mr. Rhett's exposition enforces is, that to strike at the right time is to strike home; is, that to seize Time by the forelock, is to save ourselves, as a people, from the lamentable discovery that he is bald behind. We commend this letter to the earnest consideration of **our readers. It is history, rather than discussion; and if we cannot learn from the lessons of the past, it is vain to** expect that we shall be taught by the threatenings of the future.

Mr. Buchanan, we believe, is elected President, and we doubt not that he will do all that the powers of his high office permit him, to assuage the sectional strife through which he has made his way to a distinction earned by long and honourable public services. But he cannot extinguish this fire, through which he has waded. It still burns undiminished; and the mere fact that it has almost succeeded in casting its lurid flames upon the temple of our common Confederacy is sufficient to show us that we have no safety in this Union. We may linger in it a few years longer, but always at our peril. The hope of peace, of good understanding, has all passed away. Henceforth we are necessarily two peoples—the North and the South. The Democratic party have presented to the country a Northern man, no way identified with peculiar Southern interests; a man who could raise against himself no prejudices on the part of the North; and yet it has depended upon the almost unanimous vote of the South whether this man, great in talents, famous by a long life of noble statesmanship, irreproachable in morals and manners, should be elected to the Presidency over an adventurer, without experience in politics, with a doubtful reputation even as an explorer, and a still more doubtful one as a man, whose sole qualification as a candidate was that he was willing to embody the sentiment of the hostility of the North to the South. What conclusion can we draw from this result, except that we are on the verge either of revolution or destruction? For ourselves, we prefer the former.

[Mr. Rhett's letter, which is addressed to the Governor of South Carolina, would fill well nigh a page in this journal. We omit some of the least important passages.—EDS. STANDARD.]

I have thus endeavoured, by a very brief review of past events, to show your Excellency that, for forty years, the Northern States have assailed the South alternately on the tariff and slavery. Checked on the one, they have turned to the other. * * * With our Northern people, especially, it was absurd to expect any other result than that which has occurred. They are a great, but essentially a domineering, fanatical and avaricious people. The basis of their institutions is utterly antagonistic to the institution of slavery. To have the power of taxation in their hands, and to use it to enrich and aggrandize their section of the Union at the expense of the South, was a matter of course; and once let it be understood, by the consolidation of the government, that they are responsible for the extension or existence of slavery, and their interference and hostility can hardly be condemned. We should remember that they are a very different people from ourselves. Difference in pursuits and modes of industry makes a marked difference in the characteristics of a people. A mercantile or a manufacturing people are very different from an agricultural people. Accustomed to live and act in crowds, the latter are more excitable and fanatical. But the great difference between the North and the South results from the institution of slavery. It is this which has made a North and a South. It is this which has made two sections in the Union, and has raised up a bitter rivalry between them. Sectional ambition has thus been added to interest and fanaticism, in bringing the North upon the South. It is very useless to endeavour to ignore this rivalry. Wherever republics have been united in a confederacy it has existed; and has been the grand cause of their dissolution. I assert, without fear of contradiction, that never before has there existed, in any confederacy, ancient or modern, a more powerful combination of rival interests and feelings than those which now exist in the United States between the two great sections of the Union. The combination of motives thus resulting from interest, fanaticism and rivalry, must work out their natural consequences. They drive the North upon the South with a certainty as unerring as the lust for spoils and plunder carried the northern hordes of Europe, in former times, down upon the plains of Italy.

* * * * * * *

Men are always prone to look at proximate causes, which are seldom the controlling causes of events. The great evil under which the South labours is not that she is wrongfully taxed by the Government; it is not slavery agitations, resulting from the Fugitive Slave Act, or a denial of our equal rights in our Territories. These are evils, but they are results. The great cause which has produced the slavery agitation and unjust taxation is that the Government has become consolidated. It is this cause which has made all compromises cheats. It is this cause which renders moderation or forbearance in the General Government utterly hopeless. If submitted to, it must go on, fulfilling its destiny of despotism, until it rolls the black tempest of emancipation upon the South. What the South wants is—the first great requisite of every people, and a stern necessity of a slaveholding people—a free government. We must, practically, rule ourselves. Representation is the grand instrumentality by which it has been supposed a people must rule themselves. This is true, if the representatives ruling are truly the representatives of the people governed. But if a people join in association with another people, who have antagonistic interests and institutions, and allow the representatives of that other people to rule them, how do they rule themselves? They are governed as absolutely under the will of others as if they had a single despot over them. Such is practically now the case under the General Government. Northern representatives, representing the interests and feelings of the Northern people, have the power to control the Government. The Constitution no longer exists as a restraining element of power, but a majority in Congress sways our destinies.

The late Presidential election might be appealed to as proving that we have a power in the Union which might yet reform it and make us free under its Government. It does show the folly of our past submission. It does prove that the manifestation of a resolute spirit of resistance is, and ever has been, the only means of checking the presumptuous aggressions of the North. But look to what we submitted before we manifested this spirit. The Fugitive Slave Act, nullified to all intents and purposes throughout the North in its practical operations, and citizens of the South beaten and murdered for attempting to enforce it; a majority of Abolitionists electing the Speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress—controlling all its committees—and bold enough to defeat the Army Appropriation bill, unless their policy shall be incorporated with it; emigrants armed and paid to appropriate Kansas, and an army raised to drive us out of it by force; slavery made the grand element of all politics at the North, on which turns all their elections and the election of the President of the United States. When we made the infamous surrender of our rights, by submitting to the Compromise of 1850, who presumed to anticipate that these things could be within six years afterwards? Who foretold to the people that, within this brief period of time, the Southern States would endure the humiliation of allowing their representatives to sit in a legislative body controlled by Abolitionists—their citizens to be murdered or driven out of a Territory—and their institutions to be the common topic of ribald declamation and abuse in all elections throughout the North? How rapid and how vast has been our descent from the high position of honour, dignity and strength once occupied by the South! And can we look upon a retrogression from such gross and insulting deeds by the North, as giving us any assurance that they are prepared to surrender, at our bidding, their long desired power over us? Admit that, by the Presidential election, we shall win Kansas—will that put an end to anti-slavery agitation in Congress or the Union? What produced the defeat of the Abolitionists in the North? Simply an apprehension that the South would dissolve the Union, if they were successful. Interest mastered fanaticism. That is all. The Constitution, or the rights it secured to us, did not weigh a feather in the result. The North still holds the mastery in Congress. We have got no guarantee against future aggressions and agitations. The tariff, the grand kindred instrumentality for sectional dominion, is open for renewed encroachments—the treasury for plunder, and our vast Territories for their limitless expansion. They may be defeated again and again on particular measures, but until we have a reconsideration of the Constitution, and distinct guarantees against future aggressions, the South will have gained no peace. Isolated concessions or temporary triumphs are worth nothing, and are worse than nothing if they lull us into inactivity, in reaching after the higher practical securities by which alone we can be safe or free. Liberty does not consist in present immunity from oppression. The veriest despotisms are often just in their administration. But liberty consists in having instrumentalities — guaranties against oppression. Liberty, to be liberty, must be a thing of right, not of sufferance—a grand irrefragible law, supported by acknowledged and efficient power, which says to the aggressor, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further"; and to the innocent, "Sit under thine own vine and thine own fig tree." I can see nothing in the whole Presidential election, nothing in the history of the past, which affords any good reason to believe that the North will ever allow us to set up by the Constitution the efficient barriers to their power our liberty requires. They may yield hereafter, as they have done before, to prevent pressure; but it will only be to disarm resistance, that they may return at some future day to the easier completion of their policy. They may now yield Kansas, as they yielded the tariff of 1828; but they expect to regain Kansas as they regained the protective policy, whilst they cannot but perceive that the concession of this Territory is most insignificant when compared with the vast territory, sufficient for forty States, which they wrested from us but six years since. The time is past when high constitutional guarantees can be obtained by the South. The people of the North are strong in their consciousness of power. The grand object of their sectional ambition and rivalry—unchecked predominance in the Union—they think will soon be realized. Once they respected, perhaps feared, us; but by our repeated acts of submission to their aggressions, we have lost both their respect and fear. They actually now believe that we are afraid of them and of ourselves. They will risk disunion rather than make constitutional concessions which will divest them of their power over us; and not until they have practically learned what disunion is, will they either respect us or show us justice.

If, then, a practical despotism is the great evil under which the South labours, and the North is not prepared to give us constitutional guarantees for our protection and liberties, what course should the South pursue? The next Congress will witness renewed efforts for the plunder of the South by their grand alternative—the tariff. They will strive to exempt all imported commodities, necessary or useful to their industrial pursuits, from all taxation, and thus make the tariff more unequal and unjust in its operation on the South than ever. Even a simple *ad valorem* tariff, such as South Carolina, by her resistance in 1833, wrung, at least by statute, from the reluctant North, will hardly be a possibility. The expenditures will go on with increased lavishment and profligacy, in order that the high taxes of the tariff might be sustained. The taxes will again be laid, and will again be appropriated, to the enrichment and aggrandizement of the North. The Presidential veto, since the late transactions in Congress, may be considered as abolished—that last check on the omnipotence of a majority in Congress, which has hitherto so often saved the Constitution from the grasp of power. If such shall be the true state of our affairs, what course should the South pursue?

In my humble judgment, all true statesmanship in the South consists in forming combinations, and shaping events so as to bring about, as speedily as possible, a dissolution of the present Union, and a Southern Confederacy.

Let the South—formerly I would have said, let South Carolina—demand, in the approaching modifications of the tariff, that it shall be reduced at least to the standard and principles of the tariff of 1833. That tariff was the fruit of her energy and courage, and was a contract with her for the remission of her resistance. It was forced from the General Government by her action, single and alone, when there stood at its head, as its Chief Magistrate, the most powerful and popular man in the Union since the days of Washington. If such a tariff is not conceded to us, why should South Carolina, or any other Southern State, any longer keep representatives in Congress? Even if we are not prepared to secede from the Union, why sanction, by our representation, the acts of our oppressors, and swell the pomp and minister to the power of the General Government? The withdrawal of the representatives of the State from Congress will enable them to be of more use in two years than by fifty years of service at Washington under the present condition of the Union.

The States, in their sovereign capacity, adopted the Constitution, and by their action alone can any new guarantees be inserted into it. One or more of the Southern States can test our true condition, by proposing to amend the Constitution by such new securities as our safety and liberties require. If the Northern States accept of them, then the Union will be worth preserving. If they reject them, let the Union be dissolved.

And why should we not dissolve our political connection with the people of the North? Have we not in vain done our duty to them, in all patience and humility? Are there any remembrances of the past which they have not embittered, or feelings of affection which they have not outraged? Have they not, for a long course of years, put upon us indignities and wrongs which they never would have borne from us or from any other people? Their conduct towards us, if we were independent nations, would long since have justified us in declaring war against them. They have violated the great compact of the Constitution, and every compromise we have made with them to win their forbearance. Instead of that friendship which a common Confederacy implies, they have for twenty years pursued towards us a course of the most ruthless hostility. Men are now upheld as their exponents and leaders, Governors of States and members of Congress, who openly declare their purpose to destroy us, and exult in the prospect of the slaughter and desolation they meditate carrying over the South. Their association with us in a common Confederacy has given them a moral power, which they have used only to disparage and degrade us in the eyes of foreign nations. We are represented as disregardful of our domestic relations, and sunk in sensuality and vice. I speak not without some knowledge: nowhere is the marriage tie more faithfully observed than amongst the slaveholders of the South. We are represented as an uncivilized, semi-barbarous people. If human misery, as exposed in crime and pauperism, is any test of civilization, our civilization is superior to that of the North, or perhaps to that of any other people in the world; whilst in refinement of manners we are surely not very inferior. We are presented as an unchristian and unchristianizing people. The records of religion will prove that, in proportion to the population, there are more members of the Church of Christ in the South than in the North; whilst we have brought into its holy pale more of the heathen in our midst than all other nations, with all their missionary efforts together, including England, with her hundred millions of heathen Asiatic subjects. We can never be known, appreciated or respected until we are an independent people. Why, then, should we continue in confederation with the Northern States? Are we dependent on them in any way or for anything? Our commerce is self-sustaining. It consists chiefly of agricultural staples, which the whole world needs. They are dependent on us, not we on them, in the affairs of commerce, and make millions annually out of us by its operations. Do we need their association with us for internal protection? We are fully competent to protect ourselves; and if we were not, and turn to them for assistance, we know that they would rather fire the torch of insurrection than extinguish it. Are we not sufficiently powerful to protect ourselves from foreign nations? We are the most important people in the world to its welfare and happiness. If, by a sudden stroke of the Almighty, the Southern States were annihilated, it would occasion a greater shock to the civilization and comfort of other nations than the extinction of any other people inhabiting its surface. What, then, have we to fear from foreign States? By our productions we can command their friendship and peace, whilst by our physical power we can defy their hostility. Eight millions of the white race, raised to the use of arms, and constituting one of the most military people in the world, inhabiting a country intersected all over by railroads, are unconquerable by any power upon earth. Why, then, should we not be independent in government as we are in all our resources for national power, wealth and prosperity? Why should we still continue vexed tributaries to the North—harrassed dependencies—despised underlings—to be eternally scourged from tariff to slavery, and from slavery to tariff—only, at last, to be trampled out of existence in blood?

I know full well, sir, that there are many in the South, even now, after an experience of forty years, who are prepared to do nothing, or to embrace new compromises. The *vis inertiæ* of a slaveholding agricultural people is immense. Scattered and isolated, and accustomed each man to act and to rule for himself, combination for any purpose is most difficult of attainment. And then, there stand the two great natural allies of submission under all governments—gain and timidity. Money makers of all kinds hate all changes, or fear of changes, which may disturb their gains, and timidity shrinks from any contest. But will the man of gain tell me what his property will be worth to him or his children if he continues in the Union under the control of abolitionism? Does he realize—first, the gradual depreciation of all property in the South from a sense of insecurity—then emigration—then a decline in power, whilst the North towers in omnipotence—then, when enfeebled and dispirited, a vain struggle, and the South is abolitionized. Where, then, will be the gains for which he disgraced his manhood, and betrayed his country, by an abject submission? Will the man of fears tell me which is the most dangerous—a government of the Southern States, united together by a common bond of institutions and pursuits, or a government of the present Union, under the control of the North, with all its sympathies, institutions and prejudices against us? Has he read the history of Hayti? Has he travelled over Jamaica? If no high spirit of liberty can actuate him, will not his very fears rise up and bid him be bold and free? Break from the North, and give us a Southern Confederacy, as you value honour, prosperity, life itself. Those who have been watching, and waiting, and striving, for Southern independence and a Southern Union—although at times their hearts may have died away within them in despair—have heard the late tumult at the North, mustering the power against the South, with rekindled hope and loftier resolutions. On! let the contest come. If true to ourselves, a glorious destiny awaits us, and the South will yet be a great, free and independent people.

In the views I have thus laid before you, your Excellency will recognise that policy which I have advocated for twenty-eight years, and have endeavoured to have enforced by South Carolina. Three times have I counselled her to resist the usurpations of the General Government to a practical enforcement and acknowledgment of her right, and three times have I fallen beneath her condemnation. May I be pardoned if, from the depths of my retirement, with the blazing light of experience before me, I venture once more to offer the same counsels and to plead for that policy which has commanded the best energies of my political life, and which it is my most ardent aspirations that I might be permitted to see consummated before I die. Time admonishes us both that what we are able to do we should do quickly; whilst our children around us cannot but remind us of the high responsibilities which rest upon us, to transmit to them, untarnished and unimpaired, that heritage of freedom which we received from our fathers. You will do your part. Whether as the Chief Magistrate of the State or in the walks of private life, you will ever, I know, hold the honour of South Carolina to be higher and dearer than life. Relying on your personal friendship for an indulgent consideration of any errors you may perceive in the view I have presented, I remain your Excellency's most humble and obedient servant, R. BARNWELL RHETT.

SLAVERY THE BOND OF UNION.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

All danger of a dissolution of the Union is over. Slavery will hereafter be, as it always should have been, the strongest bond and cement of the Union. Slavery makes North and South mutually dependent—makes the one a market for the produce of the other. In its absence trade, intercourse and commerce between the two sections would cease, because the pursuits and products of each would be the same. In such event they would become rivals and competitors, and injure, instead of benefitting, each other. Each section would be poor and half-civilized, for it is slave products that create the wealth, the trade and manufactures, and supply half the necessaries and luxuries of the North and South. We should all sink down together, to what Mexico and South America have become. The old Spaniards who settled those countries were, in all respects, the equals of any men then in Christendom, and, despite of Spanish despotism, the present Cubans, who retain slavery, are a very refined and civilized people. Black slavery gives character and support to all the civilization, the habits, customs and manners of Western Europe and our America. Since the unsuccessful emancipation in Jamaica, England sees and feels this. It begins to be seen and felt throughout our Union, but especially in the border States, whether slaveholding or non-slaveholding. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, were almost Abolition States thirty years ago. Their zeal for slavery now rivals that of the most Southern States.

So the inhabitants of New Jersey and the southern parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, are better affected towards slavery than those further North. Negro slavery is becoming popular as it becomes known. Able writers in the South have suddenly sprung up, who will make it universally known. On all hands it is admitted to be a highly conservative political element in society. It restrains within the bounds of decency and morality freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of religion, and makes these liberties blessings instead of curses. It exercises a conservative influence over the action of the Federal Government, and thus will preserve the Union and benefit equally North and South. It elevates the labouring class at the North, by leaving to them manufactures, commerce and the mechanic arts, and at the same time supplies them with half the comforts and luxuries of life. The capitalists of the North see in this institution the best preventive of that growing spirit of agrarianism, socialism and communism which threatens their property. The philosophy that sustains slavery will sustain their possessions; the opposite philosophy—that of abolition—already boldly and loudly proposes to sweep those possessions.

The extension of negro slavery would cheapen the comforts and necessaries of life, and advance the well-being of all classes of the North. The equal division of lands, as the Abolitionists propose, would ruin every one.

Public opinion—the public opinion of all Christendom—is invoked by the South to settle the slavery question in Kansas and all other Territories. The proposition is a fair one—yet the Abolitionists, who boast of their respect for public opinion and free discussion, reject the proposition—reject it because they say if slavery gets foothold, however small, in a Territory, it will never be abolished. This is true now; yet, in 1800, more than six per cent. of the population of New Jersey were slaves, but public opinion was opposed to slaveholding, and she found no difficulty in abolishing it. Now, Delaware does not hold half as many slaves in proportion to population as New Jersey did then—yet Delaware clings to slavery.

We write this article thus early after the election (which of itself is another striking evidence of the growing popularity of negro-slavery) to show that negro slavery and union must stand or fall together, and that in talking of disunion in event of Fremont's election, we were but pointing out its inevitable consequence and administering salutary warning. Thus we were advocating the cause of union, whilst those who talked of submission were disunionists of the worst character.

To the honour of Mr. Fillmore, although living in a Northern State, he had the wisdom to see, and the courage to proclaim, that the election of a professedly sectional candidate by a sectional vote would dissolve this Union.

What shall we say of Mr. Wise—active, bold, efficient and far-seeing as he has been in all the late troubles arising from the combination of Know-Nothingism and abolition? We cannot leave him to the abuse of his enemies, who hate him most because he has done most to conquer them. When Know-Nothingism was in the height of its glory and power, and seemed invincible—when many quailed and faltered before it—Mr. Wise, as readily as Napoleon, invented a new system of tactics, and bore down all before him. He denounced, abused and lashed Sam round and round the good old Commonwealth—whipped him, and taught others how to whip him.

Union man, as Mr. Wise has always been, his patriotism was put to the hardest test when he found it necessary to threaten a dissolution of the Union, in order to preserve it. Here again he took the lead, and was more exposed to misconstruction, abuse and obloquy, than any other man. But he did not stand alone—the whole Democracy of the North and South stood by him and fought shoulder to shoulder with him. We notice him especially, because he has been most villified and abused.

* * * * * * *

The African slave trade is about to become as popular as it was a century ago. The New England clergy and the Catholic priesthood will again engage in it with pious zeal, as the only sure and effectual means of converting the pagan. Under its revivifying influence, Central America, Mexico and South America, now lying torpid and barbarous, will start into new life. Cotton, and sugar, and coffee, and rice, and molasses, and cigars, and tobacco, and pine apples, and oranges, and lemons, and all tropical fruits will be cheap as dirt. An illimitable market will be opened to the commerce and manufactures and mechanical skill of the North and of Western Europe. The white free labourer will have constant employment, high wages, plenty of money, and the necessaries and luxuries of life dirt cheap.

The African slave trade, beginning with the first of the sixteenth century, had surcharged the West Indies and North and South America with slaves, about the time of the American Revolution. The products of slave labour exceeded the demand for them. Sugar, cotton, coffee, tobacco, rice and other slave and tropical products, had not come into general use with all classes in Europe. Watt had not invented the new steam cotton mill, nor was the cotton gin in operation. Negro men fell to two hundred dollars a head, and negroes in families became expensive. The pocket felt it, told it to the conscience, and conscience smote the slaveholder. Clarkson and Wilberforce and French Jacobins were listened to and admired, because they promised to save men's souls, and better their fortunes, by ridding them of troublesome and expensive negroes.

But it was the sensible and sagacious pocket, not Wilberforce and Clarkson, that arrested the slave trade and begat abolition. Whenever negro men fall to $200 around, and negroes become in the mass rather burdensome than profitable—whenever the supply of slaves exceeds the demand—the pocket will find it out, and use such silly instruments as Clarkson and Wilberforce to check the trade. Whenever negroes rise, as now to $700 around, the slave trade will be carried on with renewed vigour, energy and success, despite all the laws, all the treaties, all the fleets, and all the whining Abolitionists in the world, for the pocket is the seat of power as well as of intellect.

THE GREAT DISUNION VOTE AT THE NORTH.

From The Petersburg (Va.) South-Side Democrat.

The smoke has nearly cleared away from the field, and while it is evident that Mr. Buchanan is elected by a clear majority of the electoral college, it ought not to be disguised from our readers that the signs of the times are inauspicious for any settlement of the vexed question which constituted the great issue of the late contest.

Conspicuously prominent amongst the phenomena connected with the result is the startling and significant fact that one hundred and twenty-five of the Northern electoral vote has been recorded for a dissolution of the Union. We mean what we say. Every vote polled for Fremont was a vote registered in favour of severing the present union of States. Fremont was the image of this idea. He was the representative man of disunion, blood and carnage. The nominee of a sectional Convention, in which the South was never asked to participate, and in which she could not have participated without a total sacrifice of her honour and self-respect, be cordially endorsed its platform of dogmas, which, carried into practice, would have degraded her people to a condition of the most abject servitude.

To his government, under such circumstances, the Southern people would never have submitted. A large majority of them, in the event of his election, were ripe and ready for revolution, and a free people like ours, with arms in their hands, could not have been easily conquered. If any of those men who voted for Fremont did it under a belief that the Southern States would have acquiesced in his administration, they laboured under a most egregious error. His election would have sounded the tocsin of resistance from the shores of the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

In stating these things we do it for the benefit of those men at the North, if there be any, who, though they voted for Fremont, still desired to preserve the Union of the States; and never did a set of people run a greater risk than those who love the Union and yet thought his election would not endanger it.

From the stand point at which we view the result, we cannot see in it aught else than a simple truce for four years. Would to God it were otherwise. Would that the spirit of judicial blindness now throttling and obscuring the Northern mind could be removed, and it could be brought to look calmly at the chasm into which it is rapidly drifting. But when we scan the past, when we scrutinize the actual present, we confess there is little left to hope for in the future.

We have no doubt that Mr. Buchanan, in his administration of the government, will do all in his power to allay the fiercely-raging flames of sectional strife. He has narrowly escaped destruction from them himself, and reaches his present exalted position with his garments scorched. But unless history lies, unless the book of the past affords no text for the philosopher to write of the future, this fire is not likely to be extinguished.

Alone of all the bonds that once knit the two sections together, but one remains—the balances have been gradually gnawed in twain by the angry tooth of fanaticism. The single ligament is the Democratic party at the North—still powerful, but, we fear, slowly yielding to the same baneful influence.

It is this great party that has, in this election, rescued from sectionalism New Jersey, Indiana, Pennsylvania and California—that has given the South an armistice for four years—that is now the last ray of hope for a preservation of the Union of these States.

How long it will be able to sustain itself against the odds that assail it we cannot undertake to predict, but on its shoulders rest all the hopes of peace and good understanding between the sections, and with its downfall perishes our present form of government.

At all events the South has a lease of protection from invasion for four years, and her people will be guilty of a fatuity unequalled in the world's history if they do not meanwhile sedulously employ all their energies in preparing to meet the impending issue which, after that period, is likely, aye, almost certain, to stare them full in the face. The political zodiac indicates that four years hence we are to have presented to us the solemn question of degradation or revolution. Let us get ready to make the answer of freemen.

THE RESPITE.

From The New Orleans Delta.

The conservative reaction in the North, consequent upon the unflinching course of the Southern leaders, appears to leave no reasonable grounds for doubting the success of Mr. Buchanan in the present canvass. There is no harm, at all events, in assuming the probability of his election in advance, merely for the purpose of speculating as to its results in this section of the country.

From the commencement of the struggle the *Delta* supported him; not as the best candidate who might have been selected, but as "the least of three evils" which were presented to the nation, viz.: 1st, a repetition of Fillmore's equivocal domestic creed and anti-American foreign policy; 2d, the success of a purely geographical party, representing, in the person of Mr. Fremont, the most bitter and unscrupulous antagonism to the South; and 3d, a perpetuation of the weak and pseudo-national councils of the Pierce Administration, in the person of James Buchanan. We considered the last mentioned less obviously injurious to the prospects of the nation than the two former, and, on this account, reluctantly, but consistently, advocated the election of the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention. He was not the man whom the South required; but he was better than the men whom the South dreaded or despised. King Log was not a model monarch, but he was naturally enough preferred to King Stork.

And, unquestionably, to the support of the independent press of the South Mr. Buchanan is indebted for the increased conservative vote in the Northern States which has signalized several of the recent elections, and will, probably, secure his victory in November. Many prominent and able men, like Governor Wise, of Virginia, rallied to his aid and hoisted his banner "nearest to the stars," because they believed that if he were not the most acceptable candidate that could be selected, at least his success would postpone the triumph of Black Republicanism for four years, and give the South a desirable respite, during which she might consolidate her strength. It was the cause of enthusiasm with some; it was the excuse of enthusiasm with others; in either case it was freely used as an argument by all.

We confess this policy of "respite" was never very intelligible to us. We agreed with the opinions of Governor Wise in every other point, without being convinced that the respite claimed by him, and those who agreed with him, was either a necessity or a prospective benefit.

What is the practical value of this respite to which so much importance is attached? What are we to gain as a nationality in the interim? According to the sleepy-heads, we will enjoy four years more of peace and quietude; according to the submissionists, we may organize a national party based on the grand principle of the spoils; according to the compromisers, we may settle all disputes by a mutual surrender of manhood, and reduce American politics to a game of pitch and toss—heads I win, tails you lose. All this is melancholy enough, not to be remedied immediately; but not incurable. Time works wonders—makes gray heads out of auburn, and may even render the genial nature of the South as hard and practical (though, we trust, its policy will never be so bald) as that of the Northern States.

Given, meanwhile, the election of Buchanan! Given, also, the respite for four years! It remains to be seen whether the respite will be beneficial or not. The hypothesis is distinct and clear enough, but there may be different opinions as to the conclusion. Governor Wise believes the respite will be beneficial; Governor Floyd shares his opinion on the subject; many politicians less distinguished in the agitated world of to-day agree with them, and the future may prove them and their position correct. But we doubt the prescience of the policy of respite. A prisoner accused of murder may fairly ask for time, even after his sentence, to clear himself of the terrible charge; he may be able to call witnesses who were absent from the trial; but we doubt that the South is in such a hopeless position, or requires any commutation of her sentence from the North. She is her own jury. If she has done wrong, let her succumb; if she is right from beginning to end, she wants neither mercy nor argument.

If her soul were not prepared to face the judgment seat, she would require a respite; but if she is sinless and pure before God and man, what need has she of the pardon or the pity of the North? Above all, if she is prepared to-day for a death grapple with her enemy, why should she postpone the contest until to-morrow? If the contest is like that between Ajax Telamon and his adversary—"either you must throw me or I must throw you"—it had better be settled at once; and what else is the contest between the North and the South?

We accept Mr. Buchanan's Presidency; it is better than Mr. Fillmore's, and infinitely better than Mr. Fremont's; but we protest against the theory of respite. What have we Southerners gained in nationality, in manhood, in intellectual progress, under Mr. Pierce? What can we expect to gain under Mr. Buchanan? Nothing. We have to expect no gain; we have only to beware against loss. If we do not lose ground under another National Administration, we may be satisfied. If our respite is not a curse, instead of a blessing, we may congratulate the mothers of our children; but we fear, from the evidences displayed every day by our little boys and girls and by our big boys and girls, also, that delays are dangerous. If the Union is to be worshipped to the exclusion of the State rights principle, we should support a member of the house of Romanoff at once, and inaugurate a Czar. Gen. Scott would make a capital beginning. But if State rights were anterior to the Union and underlaid it, we see no particular reasons for rejoicing over the respite. It is better than the regime of Fillmore—better than the tyranny of Fremont, at first sight; but if the South does not use it with the most vigorous spirit, it will be worse than either. She must work in the spirit of Carnot and "organize victory."

Selections.

RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

From The Practical Christian.

Buchanan is elected by an ample majority. Moderate, non-extension pro-slavery has been beaten by ultra, unlimited pro-slavery. The Union has once more been saved and the slaveholders are triumphant. Kansas will come in as a slave State, likewise Utah, New Mexico, &c., &c., &c. Cuba, Central America, and another large slice of Mexico, will in due time be annexed to our glorious pro-slavery Union. Slaveholders will take their slave-waiters at pleasure into any and every part of the Union, and be guaranteed the right to do so by the Federal Courts, the Federal Arms and the Federal Treasury. The African slave trade will be reopened, and it will become an unpardonable offence for any man to speak or write publicly against constitutional man-stealing, &c. All this is before us. The people *will* it. The political majority *will* it with *all* their hearts, and the political minority *will* it with more or less of their heart—it has their partial consent at least.

Well, let it come. "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." This nation will be dashed in pieces by force of its own cherished iniquities. It has chosen darkness rather than light. It has made brutal injustice, wrong and outrage the bond of its Union. At this moment it is impudently dancing with cloven hoofs on millions of down crushed fellow-beings. Let it dance on. It is a death dance. The cup of its wickedness is almost filled. It will not repent. It will not be saved. It is plunging rampantly downwards into the dark and yawning chasm of destruction.

But the politicians will believe nothing of this till it comes. The victorious majority are shouting their triumphs, and are certain that to-morrow will be as this day. The beaten Republicans will prepare to try their luck again, promising themselves victory at last. Victory! Alas! What will it be worth, even if they shall win it? What will there be left for any party in power to do? Nothing but to acquiesce in irreversible pro-slavery advantages previously gained. So long as the present Federal Union, Constitution and Government last, they will all be positively and hatefully pro-slavery. Slavery has had its way, and will have its way until a radical revolution. All a moderate, non-extension pro-slavery party could possibly do would be to restrain the rampantcy of the great red dragon a little, and to give the external aspect of the nation a temporary respectability; which respectability would in the end only strengthen and consolidate the fatally established peculiar institution that has been enlarging and ossifying the national heart from birth.

What have we seen during the late Presidential struggle? We have seen the whole South, with brazen face, trumpet-tongue and defiant attitude, proclaiming the inherent rightfulness of slavery. We have seen the whole Democratic party at the North either reechoing the Southern doctrine, or at least unmistakably committing themselves to slaveholding politics. We have seen the Fillmore party, with their Fugitive Slave law candidate at their head, conniving darkly at the same general policy, saving the Union, the eternally bugaboced Union, from the so-called sectional Fremont party. We have seen the Fremont party rallying under their banner the anti-slavery, semi-anti-slavery, demi-semi-anti-slavery, no-particle-anti-slavery, and nigger-hating anti-slavery voters. And all for what? What did they propose to do? Was it to abolish slavery in the nation? No. Was it to expunge from the Federal Constitution its abominable pro-slavery portions? No. Was it to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories? No. Was it to prohibit the inter-State slave trade? No. Was it to enforce the constitutional guarantees of a free press, free speech and common republican rights in the slave States, where no man can even wink against slavery without danger of lynch law? No. Was it to repeal the infernal Fugitive Slave laws? No. Was it to prohibit utterly the admission into the Union of any more slave States? No. Was it to stop absolutely all further extension of slavery in the South, as well as in the North and West? No, not quite so much as this. What then? It was to save Kansas from becoming a slave State, and to secure its admission into the Union as a free State under the Topeka Constitution! And *how free* was Kansas to be under that Constitution and its accompanying instructions from the people? Free to all white settlers and the civilized Indians, but closed utterly against all coloured people inheriting African blood. Not the worthiest coloured individual of that outraged race could have a home in Free Kansas! O the depths of American pro-slavery. It is a bottomless pit! Fremont Republicanism, with all its fine professions, was anti-slavery only at the tip of its tongue, and the tip of its toes. If it had succeeded in carrying out its entire platform, anti-slavery would only have made a free nigger-hating, white men's free State of Kansas.

How happened the persecuted Free State men of Kansas to give a kick at free negroes? I will tell you. They had not then been persecuted much. They were afraid of being held up to scorn as *Abolitionists*, by the ultra pro-slavery men, and thereby losing their ascendancy in the Territory. It would not do to be *just* to the free negroes. So they were wise and prudent. They trimmed to the popular pro-slavery breeze. And yet they have suffered most terribly from the claws of the great red dragon, to whom they sacrificed the injured Africo-American. And now they have lost all. If they had fallen contending for the equal rights of all free men, white and coloured, to inhabit Kansas, how much holier their martyrdom! Alas, they have perished, not wholly by the hand of Border Ruffians and their confederates, but partly by that filthy disease, the American leprosy of *nigger-hating*!

And why did the Fremont political party grind down their anti-slavery to such a cambric needle point? I will tell you. That party was formed and generalled by wise and prudent leaders. Those leaders knew that the main thing was to get a majority of national voters into their party. What can politicians do without a majority? Well, they knew that there was very little down-right, earnest, consistent anti-slavery in this Union. They knew that they must draw in everybody who, for any sort of reason, professed to be opposed to the extreme measures of the extreme pro-slavery party in power. It would not do to ask much for justice anyhow, lest the gouty old compromisers should stand aloof, and the cause be lost. So they were wise and prudent. They minded the *p*s and *q*s of this exquisitely pro-slavery people. They asked just the least for liberty against slavery that could raise an issue. And they have done their prettiest. O how careful have they been not to insist on too much. Everywhere their orators have protested their unreserved devotion to "our glorious Union," and the constitutional privileges of slavery *where it is*. Yes, they were ready to shed their blood freely to defend their dear Southern brethren in holding four millions of human beings as chattel slaves, if only they would hold them constitutionally in the slave States. All they asked was Kansas for white people and the North. They asked nothing for niggers, bond or free; not they; only Kansas for white negrophobians. I have said they did their prettiest. So they did, and yet are beaten. "Vote, vote," said they to us all, "You *will* vote this once—a single vote may save the nation." "Aye, aye, sirs," answered many scrupulous anti-slavery men, long strangers to the pro-slavery polls, "we'll give you a helping hand." They have done so. But not so much as one of the great red dragon's sharp claws has been chopped off. "We will subdue you" was a threat to be fulfilled.

Now, what is to be done, or expected? The dark clouds of a richly deserved retribution are gathering blackness over our nation. As our fathers and our cotemporaries have worshipped "the Beast," *Slavery*, and "his image," *Compromise*, they must receive their recompense. If they can bear it for the sake of "our glorious Union," we poor crazy fanatics, who have pleaded so long for naked right and justice in vain, perhaps, can bear our part of the coming evil. God will take care of us. We ask no truce, no quarter from slaveholders or their confederates. We tell them boldly that their deeds of systematic oppression are worse than wholesale murder. They will one day know it. We tell the whole national corporation of voters in all parties, who sustain this slaveholding Union, Constitution and Government, that they are guilty together of a greater sin than it would be to slaughter outright the whole four millions of slaves; for then there would be an end of their now hereditary and perpetual degradations and miseries. We tell them that they are betraying, denying, disgracing and crucifying Liberty before the whole world. We tell them that we utterly abhor the Moloch of Slavery, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; that we will make no obeisance to him; that we will never be in fellowship with his worshippers; and that we will do all in our power, by righteous means, to annihilate him. "If this be treason, make the most of it." A. B.

THE NEGRO TROUBLES IN FAYETTE CO., TENNESSEE.

We find the following account of the recent excitement in Fayette County, Tennessee, in the Memphis *Enquirer*:

LAFAYETTE DEPOT, M. & C. R. R.,
Saturday, Nov. 2, 1856.

Col. Pryor—*Dear Sir*: As you have, doubtless, like many other persons, had various alarming and conflicting reports in your city, in regard to the contemplated servile insurrection

pick-pockets of Old England! "Go, vilest of the living vile," out of all union with communities of decent origin, and following your true natural and moral affinities, seek your real kindred and political fraternities with those whose ancestors were turned from the ocean-path which yours took and founded their "chivalrous" colonies in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. Go to Botany Bay, with your hereditary lawlessness, violence and murderous, thievish propensities, and stain no longer the character of that true and noble-descended *free* American people who have too long endured the loathsome connection with you.

Go, hereditary outcasts! Go with the joyful assent of 10,000,000 of the countrymen of FISHER AMES.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF MR. BUCHANAN.

From The N. Y. Observer.

THE following letter will be read with equal interest by the friends and opponents of Mr. Buchanan. It was written by a well-known clergyman in Philadelphia in reply to a note of inquiry from this city.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 8, 1856.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: Your note of inquiry was duly received, and I take pleasure in saying that you were correctly informed as to my acquaintance with Mr. Buchanan, the President elect, and of my favourable opinion of his moral and religious character.

I became personally acquainted with him in the Spring of 1842, in the city of Washington, at which time he was, I think, a member of the U. S. Senate; and when introduced to him, I found him with a Bible in his hand, and our first conversation was with reference to the Divine authenticity of that Book; in which he most unequivocally expressed his firm belief—he not knowing me to be a clergyman at the time.

My much loved father, now deceased, who knew Mr. Buchanan most intimately for many years, and who was associated with him in the 27th Congress, always spoke of him as a man of the strictest Christian morality, and cherished for him an undying affection.

Mr. Buchanan is of Presbyterian ancestry, and I am informed that he has a pew in each of the Presbyterian Churches in Lancaster, though I believe that he generally attends the Second Church, of which the Rev. Alfred Nevin, D.D., is the pastor, and is said to be very regular and devout in public worship, and, being very catholic in spirit, he is accustomed to worship with Christians of other denominations, when opportunity offers.

I have been informed by one of the settled ministers of Lancaster that Mr. Buchanan is believed by those who know him best to be a Christian—that he has an hour each day set apart for the study of the Scriptures and devotion—that he makes "Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises" his daily companion, and it is a matter of wonder and regret with many of his intimate friends that he, like too many of our public men, has so long neglected to unite with the Church by a public profession of his faith in Christ. In conversations which I have had with him, he more than once expressed with great tenderness and feeling his desire for retirement from the duties and cares of public life—the importance of a due preparation for his last and final account, and his unwavering confidence in the gracious and overruling providence of Almighty God. That he may have an interest in the prayers of the pious, and that his administration may be just what might be expected from his unstained moral character, his great experience, and universally acknowledged statesmanship, should be the earnest desire of every truly patriotic heart.

I have thus promptly answered your inquiries, and frankly communicated what I know and believe concerning our Chief Magistrate elect, and feel entirely justified in so doing, because of the very natural and reasonable anxiety so generally felt concerning the moral and religious principles of one called to fill a station of such prominence and influence. Yours fraternally, * * *

To the Rev. Dr. * * * *.

From The New York Tribune.

The papers announced a little while ago that President Pierce had provided for a Concord clergyman, who, about the time of his election, had given him a certificate of "good moral and religious character," by appointing the giver of that certificate to a chaplaincy, pursership, or something else, in the Navy. The success of this certifying clergyman has not been lost on the watchful brethren. A similar certificate to the good moral and religious character of Mr. Buchanan has just made its appearance in *The New York Observer*, in the shape of a letter stated to come from "a well-known clergyman of Philadelphia." According to this letter, Mr. Buchanan is a patriot indeed. Others have risked their lives for their country, he risks his salvation. "In conversations which I have had with him," says the distinguished "clergyman in Philadelphia," "he more than once expressed with great tenderness"—we did not know before that Mr. Buchanan was so much of a wag—"his desire of retirement from the destined cares of public life—the importance of a close preparation for his last account." Certainly, the pious readers of *The Observer*, especially those in Pennsylvania, who by voting for Buchanan have interfered with these pious wishes, and helped to expose him to the fresh trials and temptations of the Presidency, have assumed a fearful responsibility. It is true that this eminent clergyman calls upon the pious, now that Mr. Buchanan is elected, to give him an interest in their prayers; but we fear it will be found a far easier matter to vote him into temptation, peril and sin, than to pray him out of it. Prayers put up for a President elected on such a platform, and coming into office with such surroundings as Mr. Buchanan, will put us in mind of prayers for the dead, in which, as good Protestants, we are presumed not to believe.

We hope that the confidence expressed by this eminent clerical correspondent of *The Observer* in Mr. Buchanan's good administration of the Government may prove well-founded; yet it is hardly safe to overlook the distinction which Mr. Buchanan himself takes between his character, conduct and opinions as a man and those which he assumes as a politician and a President. As a man, his moral character may be unblemished. As a citizen of Lancaster, on the strength of his owning a pew in each of the Presbyterian churches and his regular and devout attendance—not to offend anybody—upon all the churches in the place, he may pass muster as being "very catholic in spirit"; on the strength of the hour which he is said to set aside every day for the study of the Scriptures and the use of "Jay's Morning and Evening Exercises," he may be put down as a Christian in spite of his neglect provocative of the "wonder and regret" of *The Observer's* correspondent, to "unite with the Church by a public profession"—for how could he do that without risking the displeasure and perhaps the sectarian hostility of those whose church he did not unite with? As a man, Mr. Buchanan may be all this; as a President, he proposed to be exactly what the nominating Convention chose to have him. In his letter accepting the nomination, he makes no reference either to the Scriptures, Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises," or to his own sense of right and wrong; he sinks everything in the Cincinnati Platform.

—We need not repeat that we regard Mr. Buchanan's or Mr. Anybody's religious views and tendencies as of purely personal concern—a matter entirely between the individual and his Creator. We feel sure that Mr. B. must be annoyed and disgusted by this officious attempt to make for him a religious character to which he has never laid claim. It is a burning shame that courtiers and office-seekers can be found to write, even for *The Observer*, such articles as that on which we are commenting; and we trust Mr. Buchanan will not follow the bad example of Mr. Pierce by giving his eulogist an appointment. Mr. B. was elected without any very definite religious character; whereas Gen. Pierce seemed, four years and more ago, to stand badly in need of one; which Mr. Buchanan did not, having been already elected without any.

MRS. STOWE'S "DRED."

From the Westminster Review.

AT length we have Mrs. Stowe's new novel, and for the last three weeks there have been men, women and children reading it with rapt attention—laughing and sobbing over it—lingering with delight over its exquisite landscapes, its scenes of humour and tenderness, and rude heroism—and glowing with indignation at its terrible representation of chartered barbarities. Such a book is an uncontrollable power, and critics who follow it with their objections and reservations—who complain that Mrs. Stowe's plot is defective, that she has repeated herself, that her book is too long and too full of hymns and religious dialogue, and that it creates an unfair bias—are something like men pursuing a prairie fire with desultory watering-cans. In the meantime, "Dred" will be devoured by the million, who carry no critical talisman against the enchantments of genius. We confess ourselves to be among the million, and quite unfit to rank with the sage minority of Fadladeens. We have been too much moved by "Dred" to determine with precision how far it is inferior to "Uncle Tom"; too much impressed by what Mrs. Stowe *has* done to be quite sure that we can tell her what she ought to have done. Our admiration of the book is quite distinct from any opinions or hesitations we may have as to the terribly difficult problems of Slavery and Abolition—problems which belong to quite other than "polite literature." Even admitting Mrs. Stowe to be mistaken in her views, and partial or exaggerated in her representations, "Dred" remains not the less a novel inspired by a rare genius—rare both in intensity and in range of power.

Looking at the matter simply from an artistic point of view, we see no reason to regret that Mrs. Stowe should keep to her original ground of negro and planter life, any more than that Scott should have introduced Highland life into "Rob Roy" and "The Fair Maid of Perth," when he had already written "Waverly." Mrs. Stowe has *invented* the Negro novel, and it is a novel not only fresh in its scenery and its manners, but possessing that *conflict of races* which Augustin Thierry has pointed out as the great source of romantic interest—witness "Ivanhoe." Inventions in literature are not as plentiful as inventions in the paletot and waterproof department, and it is rather amusing that we reviewers, who have, for the most part, to read nothing but imitations of imitations, should put on airs of tolerance towards Mrs. Stowe because she has written a second Negro novel, and make excuses for her on the ground that she perhaps would not succeed in any other kind of fiction. Probably she would not; for her genius seems to be of a very special character: her "Sunny Memories" were as feeble as her novels are powerful. But whatever else she may write, or may not write, "Uncle Tom" and "Dred" will assure her a place in that highest rank of novelists who can give us a national life in all its phases—popular and aristocratic, humorous and tragic, political and religious.

But Mrs. Stowe's novels have not only that grand element—conflict of races; they have another element equally grand, which she also shares with Scott, and in which she has, in some respects, surpassed him. This is the exhibition of a people to whom what we may call Hebraic Christianity is still a reality, still an animating belief, and by whom the theocratic conceptions of the Old Testament are literally applied to their daily life. Where has Scott done anything finer than the character of Balfour of Burley, the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Brigg, and the trial of Ephram MacBriar? And the character of Dred, the death scenes in the Swamp, and the Camp Meeting of Presbyterians and Methodists, will bear comparison—if we except the fighting—with the best parts of "Old Mortality." The strength of Mrs. Stowe's own religious feeling is a great artistic advantage to her here; she never makes you feel that she is coldly calculating an effect, but you see that she is all a-glow for the moment with the wild enthusiasm, the unreasoning faith, and the steady martyr-spirit of Dred, of Tiff, or of Father Dickson. But with this, she has the keen sense of humour which preserves her from extravagance and monotony; and though she paints her religious negroes *en beau*, they are always specifically negroes—she never loses hold of her characters, and lets dramatic dialogue merge into vague oratory. Indeed, here is her strongest point: her dramatic instinct is always awake; and whether it is the grotesque Old Tiff or the aerial Nina, the bluff sophist Father Bonim or the gentlemanly sophist Frank Russell, her characters are always like themselves; a quality which is all the more remarkable in novels animated by a vehement polemical purpose.

The objection which is patent to every one who looks at Mrs. Stowe's novels in an argumentative light, is also, we think, one of their artistic defects; namely, the absence of any proportionate exhibition of the negro character in its less amiable phases. Judging from her pictures one would conclude that the negro race was vastly superior to the mass of whites, even in other than slave countries—a state of the case which would singularly defeat Mrs. Stowe's sarcasms on the cant of those who call slavery a "Christianizing Institution." If the negroes are really so very good, slavery has answered as a moral discipline. But apart from the argumentative suicide involved in this one-sidedness, Mrs. Stowe loses by it the most terribly tragic element in the relation of the two races—the Nemesis lurking in the vices of the oppressed. She alludes to demoralization among the slaves, but she does not depict it; and yet why should she shrink from this, since she does not shrink from giving us a full-length portrait of a Legree or a Tom Gordon?

It would be idle to tell anything about the story of a work which is, or soon will be, in all our readers' hands; we only render our tribute to it as a great novel, leaving to others the task of weighing it in the political balance.

HORACE GREELEY INDICTED FOR FELONY.

From The Tribune.

A RECENT proceeding in Harrison County, Virginia, which, though glossed over, like the burning of the Free State Hotel and the printing offices at Lawrence, and the long imprisonment of Governor Robinson and his companions, with the forms of law, yet has in it all the characteristics of pure slaveholding ruffianism, affords a specimen of the sort of tyranny to which the nominally free men of the slaveholding States find themselves obliged to submit, and of the sort of administration of justice, facetiously so called, under which they groan, and which the election of Buchanan has firmly fixed upon them for at least the next four years.

Harrison County, situate in the north-west part of Virginia, had by the last census a population of 12,728 nominal freemen and of 488 slaves. But even this small leaven of slavery seems to be amply sufficient to give the few owners of these few slaves the complete mastership of the County. Still, however, there exists within it a certain spirit of inquiry and desire for information, as was evinced by the getting up in February last of a club of twenty persons to supply themselves with the weekly edition of *The Tribune* at the cost of twenty dollars for the whole—as judicious an investment of that money, we will venture to say, considering the amount of information and entertainment thus secured, as could possibly have been made. We can easily imagine the satisfaction, comfort, and even delight, which the weekly arrival of a sheet so full of profitable and interesting matter must have afforded to each of the twenty families to which it came—especially in contrast with the poor, barren, frothy contents of anything in the nature of a weekly paper published in Virginia. But the satisfaction of selecting their own newspapers is not, it seems, one of the privileges enjoyed by the freemen of Virginia. The fact that copies of *The Tribune* were circulating in the County was brought to the notice of the Grand Jury, the result of whose labours is detailed in the following letters:

"SHINNSTON, Va., Sept. 26, 1856.

"MESSRS. GREELEY & MCELRATH: I regret to inform you that I am indicted for getting up a club for *The Tribune*. Great God! has it come to this, that a man must be sent to the penitentiary for reading a newspaper? The Grand Jury had one of the subscribers brought before them with an armful of copies of *The Tribune*, and they were distributed among them. They examined them a long time, and were about giving it up that it would have to pass, when, lo and behold! one of them discovered an extract from *The Pittsburgh Dispatch*, which gave an account of the great negro hunt of Ross & Co., and on that they pronounced it an Abolition document. The Court ordered the Jury to meet on Monday next to indict the Postmaster at Shinnston.

"I discover that the law of Virginia makes my case felony. I may have to flee or serve a time in the Richmond Penitentiary. I would like to hear from you whether it is not legal for your papers to circulate in this State. I have notified the Court that if they would show some lenity in my case, if they should decide the said paper to be illegal, I would discontinue my club. W. P. HALL."

"*To the Editor of The New York Tribune.*

"SIR: The Grand Jury for this County this week presented Horace Greeley, of New York, Mr. Hall of Shinnston, and myself in this place, for circulating *The Tribune*. You may make any use of this information you may desire. Yours, very truly, ISA HART.

"Clarksburgh, Harrison Co., Va., Oct. 2, 1856."

Immediately upon the receipt of these letters, answers were addressed to the writers expressing the readiness of the conductors of *The Tribune* to do their part toward testing the law of the case, and desiring copies of the indictments. To the letter addressed to Mr. Hall no answer has arrived, and perhaps he never received it. We are informed from another quarter that, shortly after the finding of the indictment, being greatly alarmed at it, he left home. In the meanwhile, however, it was discovered that the Grand Jury by which the bills were found was illegal, one of its members being disqualified to sit as a grand juror. As soon as this discovery was made, another jury was empannelled, which returned the indictment, which we shall presently give, against Horace Greeley, but omitted to find any against the two citizens of the County who had been previously indicted. This, however, does not appear to have been through any disposition to give over the persecution of the readers of *The Tribune*, as will appear from the following letter of Mr. Hall, addressed to us after his return home:

"SHINNSTON, Va., 20 Oct., 1856.

"MESSRS. GREELEY & MCELRATH: Since I returned home, I find the storm raging as bad as ever against me. They say I shall stop *The Tribune* Club, or they will bring my case up at the next Grand Jury Court and put me clear through.

"I therefore request you to stop the Club. WM. P. HALL.

"This from a friend."

So much for Shinnston. Mr. Hart, the other person indicted, a resident in Clarksburgh, in the same County, appears to be made of somewhat sterner stuff. Some time since, the Postmaster at Clarksburgh refused to deliver his paper, under pretence of a law of Virginia imposing a fine of $200 on any Postmaster for delivering incendiary mail matter. Mr. Hart thereupon applied to the Post-master-General, who, in performance of his duty, wrote to the Clarksburgh deputy that he must deliver. This caused a tremendous stir among the magnates of Clarksburgh, but the paper has since been regularly delivered. The next move was to indict Mr. Hart, as already mentioned; but here too was a legal difficulty, which probably prevented the re-finding of the indictment. The offence, it seems, made felony by the statutes of Virginia, is not having in possession or reading incendiary documents, but circulating or carrying or procuring them to be circulated; and as Mr. Hart merely took his paper from the Post-Office and read it at home, his case did not seem to come under that provision. The evidence upon which the first indictment was found was, that he had asked some of his neighbours to form a club with him for taking *The Tribune*; but as no such club was actually formed, it was plain that this evidence was not sufficient.

We come now to the indictment actually found and now pending, which is in the words and figures following:

"VIRGINIA, ss.

"*In the Circuit Court of Harrison County:*

"The Grand Jurors for said County, on their oaths, present that heretofore, to wit, on the 5th day of July, in the year 1856, and from that day to the finding of this presentment, Horace Greeley did write, print, and publish and cause to be written, printed and published weekly in the City of New York and State of New York, a book and writing, to wit a newspaper and public journal, styled and entitled *New York Tribune*, the object and purpose of which said *New York Tribune* was to advise and incite negroes in this State to rebel and make insurrection, and to inculcate resistance to the rights of property of masters in their slaves in the State of Virginia.

"And the Jurors do further present that the said Horace Greeley afterward, to wit, on the 5th day of July, in the year 1856, did knowingly, wilfully and feloniously transmit to, and circulate in, and cause and procure to be transmitted to and circulated in the said County of Harrison, the said book and writing, to wit, the said *New York Tribune*, with the intent to aid purposes thereof against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth.

"And the Jurors aforesaid, upon the oaths aforesaid, do further present that said Horace Greeley, on the —— day of July, in the year 1856, did knowingly, unlawfully and feloniously circulate and cause to be circulated in said County of Harrison, a writing, to wit, a newspaper and public journal, which said writing, newspaper and public journal was on the 5th day of July, in the year 1856, published, written and printed in the City of New York, and State of New York, and was styled and entitled *New York Tribune*, with intent in him, the said Greeley, then and there to advise and incite negroes in the State of Virginia aforesaid to rebel and make insurrection, and to inculcate resistance to the rights of property of masters in their slaves, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth.

"Upon the information of Amaziah Hill and Seymour Johnson, witnesses sworn in open Court, and sent to the Grand Jury to testify at the request of the Grand Jury, who had *The New York Tribune* in the above presentment referred to before them, and examined the same B. WILSON.

"Attorney for the Commonwealth."

Indorsed, "State vs. Horace Greeley. Presentment for Felony. A true bill. A. J. Garrett, Foreman."

This Garret, we understand, who indorses the indictment as foreman, is a Baptist minister—we imagine of the hard-shell order—who, having got some "chattels" with his wife, feels himself quite an aristocrat, and by his insolent and overbearing demeanour has secured the hatred of all his neighbours, over whom, in his character of slaveholder, he enjoys, however, the privilege of domineering. Johnson, one of the witnesses, we understand to be a vagabond relation of the late Governor of Virginia of that name—one of those offshoots of the first families, too lazy and too proud to work, but not too proud to sneak behind the waiter into complimentary dinners to his relative the Governor, into which he could get admission in no other way.

Of the indictment we have merely to say that it is entirely worthy of the statute on which it is founded, and of the State and county in which it has been found. The law requires—that is, the law of all civilized countries, but perhaps it is not so in Virginia—that when a man is charged with crime in the utterance or circulation of any written or printed document, the part of that document relied upon as criminal should be set out at length and verbatim, in order that the party charged may have the judgment of the court either before or after verdict, whether the utterance or circulation of such a document is a crime or not within the statute. This is the case with respect to libels, and for a still stronger reason where the offence charged is a felony. But this little formality, it will be observed, is wholly omitted in the present indictment. That document charges, in a truly comprehensive manner, that the object of the publication of *The New York Tribune* is "to advise and incite negroes" in the State of Virginia "to rebel and make insurrection, and to inculcate resistance to the rights of property of masters in their slaves in the State of Virginia." Such, it seems, is the opinion under oath of the Rev. A. J. Garrett and his brother Grand-Jurors, as to the object, intent and character of *The Tribune*, but this, we beg leave to inform them, is a matter of which the law does not regard them as judges, and of which their presentation, unsupported by the very words al'eged to be criminal, is worth just as much as their critical opinion, to which nobody, we imagine, will affix any very high value.

What action is to be taken upon this indictment we are not informed. Fortunately neither Judge Parker has been chosen Governor of New York nor the Hon. Erastus Brooks, or else the party against whom it is found, in spite of its invalidity manifest on its face, would, doubtless, have been delivered over to the tender mercies of a Harrison County petit jury. Though Border Ruffianism is triumphant throughout the slave States, as well as in Kansas, and though it may enjoy for four years longer the support of the General Government, it has not, thank Heaven, been able yet to triumph here and in the other more enlightened States of the Union.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856.

DONATIONS.

WE are obliged, about once in a year, to ask for aid to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and it usually happens at this season. We hope, therefore, that the friends of the Society are looking out for such an appeal, and will be ready, now that it comes, to respond to it heartily and promptly. The Anti-Slavery cause should surely find its supporters as earnest and zealous to contribute "material aid" for its advancement as politicians are for the success of their tickets. These are pouring out their money like water; in that respect, at least, we shall be glad to see the Abolitionists in unity with the Republicans, and even with the Buchaneers.

The Treasury is exhausted; there are pledges made to the Society six months ago still unpaid; donations are needed, and will be welcome, in large sums or in small; and we appeal to everybody for help.

Address FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, or S. H. GAY, New York.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

IT is universally allowed that the first duty of a minister is the preaching of the "Gospel"; and, however some may be disposed to limit the discharge of this function to the annunciation and defence of a set of speculative dogmas, we presume most persons will agree with us in opinion that the proper preaching of the Gospel includes, among its constituent elements, defence of the right and opposition to the wrong; and further, that a minister is bound to transact the remainder of his official and ecclesiastical functions in such a manner as actively to cooperate with such a preaching of the Gospel, instead of disregarding or counteracting it.

It is commonly asserted by Abolitionists that the Church is the main bulwark of slavery. They are forced to this conclusion, first, by the position of the Church and clergy on this subject ever since we had a national existence; namely, practising and defending slavery at the South and acquiescing in and apologizing for it at the North; and next, by the weight necessarily thrown into the scale of *any* popular custom by the sanction or approbation of the ministry, and the religious portion of the community. Moreover, it was Mr. Birney, a church member, who first said that the Church was the great bulwark of slavery; and the Rev. Albert Barnes declared that slavery could not live an hour out of the Church if it were not sustained within it.

Things in this department are beginning to change for the better. And, however little credit may be due to those religious teachers who fall in with, instead of originating, a popular movement in the right direction—who yield to an impulse long since begun by others, instead of having shown so much courage and good principle as were necessary to begin it—we are bound to recognise and acknowledge whatever merit there may be in those clergymen who *first* leave the clerical position, and *first* follow the popular movement towards repentance and reformation.

Though the majority of Unitarian clergymen have shown themselves nearly as tolerant of the continuance of slavery, and as adverse to any movement for its abolition, as their brethren-in-law of the popular or Orthodox faith, a far greater proportion of exceptional cases have occurred among the former, from whose ranks have come a few of the very most zealous, thorough and uncompromising Abolitionists. But now, some strong and thoroughgoing testimonies against slavery have begun to appear from the Orthodox pulpit. One of the best specimens of this class, preached and published some months ago, by Mr. Dexter, of the Pine Street Church, in Boston, was noticed in THE STANDARD; and we now find, reported at full length, in *The Tribune*, a sermon not less vigorous in its denunciation of our national sin, preached by Rev. George B. Cheever, of this city, and entitled "God against Slavery."

We can notice in this place but a few of the strong points of this admirable sermon (admirable in spite of a few ambiguous expressions), which skilfully combines the arguments from reason and justice with those from Scripture against slavery, and exposes, with a severity as pointed as if he had called the names of President Lord and Dr. South-side Adams, the baseness, as well as the weakness, of their position.

Taking for his text one of the many fulminations of Ezekiel against oppression, Dr. Cheever points out how the ruin so often threatened and so terribly executed upon the Jewish people finally came even more directly from the sin of slavery than from that of idolatry, and how the violation of the law of freedom was the one decisive act which filled up the measure of the Jewish iniquities, and brought down the wrath of God upon them without remedy or repeal; how the combination of princes, priests and people in this sin was really making the whole nation a nation of men-stealers; and how man-stealing being a crime whose penalty was death by the Mosaic law, the adoption of it by the government and the people was an enshrining of the iniquity in public, and a glaring defiance of God's authority.

He shows the aggravation of this offence resulting from its known tendency to increase, in geometrical ratio, from generation to generation, and also from the fact that while it *is* thus increasing, it *seems* lessened in intensity as it passes down into posterity; and he makes clearly manifest that, however the children of the first man-stealers might have claimed property in the offspring of the persons thus stolen, as being slaves *born*, the crime was, in reality, doubled; since, while the parents may have been stolen merely from themselves, the children are stolen both from themselves and from their parents.

Dr. Cheever shows conclusively that while, in fact and in justice, neither stealing a man and selling him, nor holding him, nor conveying him in any way to another, could possibly make him the property of another, or take away his right of property in himself, the Jewish law clearly, unmistakably and uniformly represents each of these acts as a crime, and assigns to each of them—stealing, holding and selling—the penalty of death. HE THAT STEALETH A MAN AND SELLETH HIM, OR IF HE BE FOUND IN HIS HAND; HE SHALL SURELY BE PUT TO DEATH! He shows how no other provision of the Jewish law was ever really in conflict with this sweeping sentence, and how, though Paul *does* republish the prohibition of man-stealing under the authority of the Gospel, it had already been so thoroughly settled by the Old Testament that no one who recognised the authority of that book could practise it with impunity.

Here is a specimen of Dr. Cheever's dealing with the sophistries of his clerical brethren. After quoting "Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren, or of thy strangers that are in thy land within thy gates," he proceeds:

"Now, if a hired servant that was not a Hebrew could not be oppressed any more than a native, much more could not such a one be stolen with impunity, or the thief escape the penalty. He would not be permitted to plead that because there was a law against stealing a *Hebrew*, therefore the law against stealing a man was null and void. But now, you perceive, the Apostle Paul has set this matter forever at rest, by himself referring to the first law as applying not to Hebrew men, but to men, any man, a man. The word he uses in quoting the law is a word meaning MEN-STEALERS, not *Jew-stealers*, not stealers of *Hebrew* men. Stealers of MEN he specifies, and his reference to law there is no possibility of mistaking, and this sets the matter forever at rest.

"Just so with reference to the other evasion (for there is no end to the quibbles and quirks with which we have struggled to prevent the crushing and annihilating power of these statutes), by which some have endeavoured to restrict the application of the law against *man*-stealing to the stealing of *slaves*, as if this statute were merely a law for the protecting and rendering more sacred man as slave-property, making it, in fact, incomparably more sacred than any other property. They say that, indeed, to steal a slave from his owner is worthy of death, but not to steal a man, as a man, from himself, and from God his Maker. You may steal a free man and make him a slave, and that process, in certain cases, in these later days, may be just a Christian process for his good, the providential mode by which he is to be taught religion! But the moment you have stolen him from himself, and made him a slave by selling him, then you have converted him into a piece of sacred property! Then to steal him from his *master* is a sacrilege worthy of death! Is the human mind capable of contriving a more diabolical or a meaner palpable resort of lying villany than this?"

We quote a few more passages, from different departments of this sermon, which we understand to have been but one of a course, all as vigorous and energetic as this.

"In the fourth place, the inviolable sacredness of the parental relation, by which the children of the parents belong to them and them only, a thing acknowledged even by the most barbarous tribes, all the world over, but settled by the legislation of the Hebrews, demonstrates slavery to be sin. For, the denial, the utter disregard and ruthless violation of the parental right and claim is one of the essential elements of slavery, so that one of the most valuable considerations of this kind of property is its life-power of self-perpetuating itself by propagation, through the very prostitution and perversion of the family and parental relation for the breeding of slaves. This claim is in itself, and as wrought by the law into the system of slavery, and set at its foundation, a criminal violation of the parental claim and authority as established by the Creator; in every generation it is stealing from the parents. Even if there were a bargain with the parents, that could not wipe out the guilt, or change the moral essence of the transaction. For no parent has any authority or right to sell his child. A man cannot abrogate the responsibility of the parental relation for his child's own good, cannot sell him to another for a price. A man cannot sell what he does not own to sell. This it is that vitiates the claim to the children as property, and beyond all possibility of contradiction demonstrates the system to be sin *per se* that maintains such a claim as its essence."

* * * * * * *

"The Jewish law strictly forbade any one from ever returning unto his master that servant that had fled from his master. If an ox or an ass had strayed from its owner, any one finding the beast was commanded to restore it to its owner, as his property; but if a man's servant had fled away, every one was in like manner *forbidden* to restore him; demonstrating in the strongest manner that a servant was never regarded as property, and could not be treated as such. A man's ox belonged to him, and must be restored to him as his property; but a man's servant did not belong to him, and could not be his property, and if he chose to take himself away, was not considered as taking away anything that belonged to his master, or could be claimed and taken back by him. It is not possible for an incidental demonstration to be stronger than this."

* * * * * * *

"On this account it is indisputably the province of the pulpit to proclaim at this time the judgment of God for the guidance of the people, in this, *their religious responsibility*; and all plausibility and power are taken away from the accustomed allegation with which every mention of the sin of slavery has been met, when it has been referred to, namely, that we, the people of this congregation, or any other congregation in a free State, have nothing to do with it. We now have everything to do with it, and are ourselves to determine in regard to it. The question as to the sinfulness of slavery and its extension is as direct, practical and personal for us, as of stealing, lying, adultery, intemperance or infidelity. If a bill for licensing polygamy were before our own State Legislature, there would be no more obligation to turn the light of God's Word upon that iniquity than there is now to examine the iniquity of the extension of slavery in the same light. It is no more a political thing to preach concerning slavery than it is concerning dishonesty in business, or repentance toward God. On the principles laid down in the 33d chapter of Ezekiel, of which no man ever dreamed of denying the application directly to every preacher of the Word of God, no minister of the Gospel can do his duty, and avoid speaking in such a case. 'If the people of the land take a man of their country, and set him as a watchman, if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet; and the people be not warned, if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand. So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the people; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my hand, and warn them from me. If thou dost not warn them, then the wicked shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand.' This applies to whatever moral evil or sin any people are in danger of committing. No sword, no pestilence, no external misery or distress, is ever to be compared with the sword of a deliberate iniquity, cutting the people to their vitals, or the *habit* of iniquity, chosen as their State and domestic policy."

* * * * * * *

"The slave holds, under God's own hand, a note against you with compound interest for the crime committed against his father; and when you lay your grasp upon his children, and take them as your property, the note is more than doubled against you, and the interest runs on. The man was stolen originally; and now tell me, if you dare, where did the guilt stop? Did that theft convert two immortal beings, not then born, into just property? Did the man who bought the slave, knowing him to have been stolen, convert him into just property by paying the price of blood? When the High Priests gave thirty pieces of silver to Judas, did they buy a right of property in Christ? Or, if the man bought the slave without inquiring as to the title, does that wilful ignorance take away the ownership of a stolen man from the man himself, and convert him into property? And when the buyer, in addition to that injustice, claims the man's children as his property, without ever even going through the pretence of giving one farthing for them, does that clear his conscience, and still further establish his claim?

"Ah! there is a God in heaven that looks on, and his justice takes account of these transactions. The man, by that claim of property, endorses the original guilt as his own, and the compound interest of crime waits for him. As long as the iniquity is not repented of, but indorsed and repeated, so long the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. No injury is ever outlawed, and some injuries perpetuate themselves in more than geometrical progression, having a side increase in ten thousand channels and directions in the way of moral corruption, beside the direct onward reduplication.

"And this is the case with slavery. Who shall take account of the millions of white men lost by it, defrauded of their birthright in Christianity itself, by the debauchery of conscience and the habits of pride, cruelty, licentiousness and unrighteous gain and power fastened on them by the antagonistic gangrening energy of this domestic system, as a dead corrupting carcass, hung round the neck of their Christianity itself, and made a part of it by the law of the land? And who can compute the amount of infidelity nourished, if not produced, by such a caricature of Christianity thrust upon the anguished soul? What horrible perversion of truth, and confusion of principles, to read in the Old Testament how all God's attributes burn as a consuming fire against every form of oppression, and then be called on to believe that the same divine revelation sanctions, as the most just and perfect form of domestic society, the greatest possible oppression under the sun."

* * * * * * *

"The sixth branch of this argument is the providential argument in the manifestation of God's curse upon the system, by its practical workings among men, and the ruin of states and empires under its influence. Its path has gone over the earth in an infinite train of iniquities and miseries, sins of oppression and cruelty, licentiousness and avarice, suggested and produced by its temptations and its gift of opportunity and power, and finally concentrated in its essence, the corruption of manners and morals, the decay of commerce, arts, manufactures, learning and literature; the destruction of industry and intellect, the blasting and emasculation of the earth itself—under its curse and blight.

"Then there is the effect upon the moral sentiments and feelings, the habits of immoral reasoning induced, sad monstrous sophistry admitted and maintained, and the consequent insensibility of the conscience and blinding and darkening of the understanding; a thing predicted in the Prophets for those who would not be guided in their policy by the Word of God, but trusted in oppression, and in the lying that was necessary to sustain it, and fulfilled in the judicial blindness of the Jews; and again declared in the New Testament as the consequence of rejecting God's testimony against our own sins, and changing the truth of God into a lie, God himself giving such over to a reprobate mind, and to the all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish. For this cause God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie, since they would not believe the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness. Just so in that Psalm so vividly descriptive of the character of unjust judges, and of the effect of the habits of injustice in putting out the eyesight of the mind. They know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness, all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

"The most abandoned principles are openly maintained; the most ancient and revered landmarks are swept away; the most sacred compacts disregarded; the intuitions of mankind, the wisdom of history, and the nature of eternal justice, alike perverted and defied. The doing of evil that good may come is justified and applauded; a selfish expediency is proclaimed as the right rule of the exercise of State power; and the theories of moral sentiment grounded in the Word of God are overthrown, and a system of public and domestic moral principles adopted that would have disgraced the darkest ages of mankind. Among all the monstrosities of idol superstitions, the fanaticisms of intanticide and Moloch sacrifices, in the darkness of heathenism, without the light of the Bible, none were ever so bad as the deliberate maintenance of such doctrines as are now constantly promulgated *in such light:* That slavery is better than free-dom, and more accordant with God's intention in regard to human society; that the degradation and enslavement of one race is necessary for the higher refinement and happiness of another; that the African race is separate from humanity, and only a footstool for it, by standing on which the Anglo-Saxon race can reach a higher stature, nearer to the gods; that society itself ought to be nothing but the two extremes of unquestioning, unappealing, inevitable servitude, and unquestioned despotic power; that the perfection of domestic, and even of religious, life is in such a state. We are reminded by such doctrines of the horrid manufacture of the music in the Pope's choir, where the mutilation of children is said to give a tone of plaintiveness and pathos to the melody, so exquisite as to be unattainable in any other way. We are taught in one and the same breath that God appointed slavery as a providential good for the slaves themselves, and at the same time that they are to be perpetual bondmen, chattels bought and sold, in order to make us, by contrast, nobler, prouder freemen, and that, in fine, the institution is itself a whetstone for the sharpening and polishing of our humanity. It certainly does sharpen.

"We are told that for such an acute, haughty and finely toned order of humanity, labour is disgraceful, and that it should be put upon slaves only, to make white men the more ashamed of it. We are taught that industry and submission are the properties of slaves, indolence and command the marks of a gentleman; and that to labour, working with our hands, instead of being the feature and praise of an elevating Christianity, is the badge of degradation. Our virtues are turned into vices, and our vices into virtues, by this system. Humility is put to shame, is set in the stocks, is crucified, because it is a slave's department; haughtiness, resolute cruelty, arrogance to those beneath, are virtues in the master, and there must be a race always beneath, to accustom the superior race to such a bearing. Intense and unmitigated selfishness, pride, revenge, ferocity, hardness of heart, and griping, close-fisted extortion, along with the seemingly opposite qualities of lavish profusion and waste, were not merely wrought into fixtures of character among the Roman slaveholders, but they are fruits of the same system now. Thomas Jefferson's graphic and powerful picture of these things will last as long as the English language, together with his well-known Declaration.

"Indeed, the demoralizing effect of this system in making labour disgraceful, where God has made it honourable, and in taking from it its right to a place of nobleness and respect in human society, is worse than its influence in defrauding independent labourers of their just adequate recompense."

It thus appears that Dr. Cheever faithfully performs the first duty of a minister in relation to slavery, by preaching against it, showing its inherent viciousness, the injustice it does to the slave in all his relations, the corruption it inevitably works in the master, in all *his* relations, its depravation of the community in which it exists and its reversal of the rules of sound morals and the Christian religion. We have now to inquire—Does Dr. Cheever manifest a like opposition to slavery, treating both the practice and the defence of it as anti-Christian, in the discharge of his *other* ministerial functions? Or is he constantly pulling down with the left hand that which he is building up with the right? Is he, in the advocacy both of Christianity and anti-slavery, a house divided against itself? Next week we will try to give the true answers to these questions.

FREEDOM IN RUSSIA.—A late arrival from Russia, says *The Tribune*, brings news of an act of restorative justice at the hands of Alexander II. His two predecessors, Alexander I. and Nicholas, transformed several hundred thousands of the peasantry of the crown-dominions into military colonists. This was the greatest curse inflicted on the Russian rustic. He was wholly deprived of liberty, even in the smallest household affairs. Everything relating to him was executed by military drill. The colonist was even deprived of family ties, as his children were brought up in general military establishments. Alexander, in his task of undoing many of the actions of his father, dissolved this military organization in the North, and the peasants are incorporated into the national domain, thus forming free agriculturists in Russia. The colonies

cause of liberty in the United States and put himself in the hands of Sanders and other unscrupulous tools of the slaveholders, whose only purpose was to avert from slavery the lightning of his eloquence. During the whole of Kossuth's career in this country, if we are not mistaken, this unscrupulous adventurer acted as his confidential secretary, putting his speeches into English and exercising a controlling influence upon his policy. Having served the Slave Power so long and so faithfully in one capacity, nothing could be more natural than that he should be employed to serve it in another; and accordingly we see him joining his fortunes to those of Walker in Central America. We shall not be surprised if within the next four years both these adventurers shall take their places in the United States Senate as the Representatives of the new State of Nicaragua.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXCIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent is afflicted for his delay—And why—He depreciateth the Presidential Election—And how—He praiseth the playing of the real game—Who the gamblers were—Of the translation of voters—Of the new Hessians—Of the Brooks party—Of coalitions and amalgamations—Fair Exchange no Robbery—The Correspondent is chemical, mechanical and political—He describeth the visit to Mr. Appleton—And his Speech—And his flowing hospitality—Cruel massacre of unhatched but counted chickens—The Correspondent giveth them counsel—He illustrateth from Natural History—He describeth the Reception of Mr. Sumner—His Health—Roorback concerning him—His Re-election—The Correspondent croweth once more over the Fillmoreites, maketh a promise and concludeth, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 17, 1856.

I OUGHT to have written to you last week, when all the humours and oddities of the election were fresh in my mind. I fear that I shall not be able to give you a life-like sketch of them from memory. But it was one of the most entertaining ones ever held here within my memory. There was not any great interest felt in the Presidential election, because it was a matter about which there was no doubt. There was no question that Massachusetts would go by a strong vote for Fremont, and not much of any that the nation would go for Buchanan. So the main interest centred in the election of Mr. Burlingame, and it was one of the most equally played political games that ever came off in these latitudes. The Northern half of Boston and the adjacent suburbs of Cambridge, Charlestown and Chelsea together made the den in which the baited pro-slavery of the State stood at bay, and where it felt sure of revenge, if not of victory. The fight was absolutely desperate. The Fillmore men had made themselves so absurd by their boastings of what they were going to do in Massachusetts, that they felt the urgent necessity of having something to show for their brags. They wanted to contrive some way of being let down easy. And so they devoted themselves, soul, body and estate, to defeating Burlingame and electing Mr. William Appleton. It was their last chance of showing their desperate loyalty to the Slaveholders, and they improved it desperately.

As they had plenty of money on their side, they were able to furnish men, too. As the Southern half of Boston is part of Mr. Comins's District, of whose reelection there was no reasonable doubt, all that portion of the Fillmore host who were hanging loosely on the skirts of that part of the city, not settled in houses of their own, but cantoned temporarily to hotels and lodging-houses, were ordered to decamp in haste and countermarch to the quarter where men were wanted and could be used to advantage. Besides these, the allied armies, one wing of which consisted of patent Know-Nothings whose one idea used to be horror of foreign voters, hundreds of Irish were shifted from one side of the town to the other, there being a ditch there which it was thought they would fill as well as another. Had it not been for these reinforcements—these Hessians, bought or hired for the nonce and marched into a country where they had no business—the Anti-Brooks vote would have been much stronger than it actually was. I say, Anti-Brooks, as it was perfectly well understood that every vote for Appleton was in effect, and generally in intention, a vote for Brooks, and every one for Burlingame a vote for Sumner. But it so fell out, as it did eighty years ago, that the Hessians could not turn the scale entirely, though they did come amazingly near it. I do not think we ever had an election here upon which so much labour and strategy was expended as on this one, and the defeat of the coalition was the more satisfactory to the Republicans, and to all who did not wish Brooks's assault on Senator Sumner to receive the sanction of the metropolis of his State, or, at least, of the worser half of it.

The desperation of this slavery faction was shown in their swiftness to enter into any and all sorts of coalitions and amalgamations in order to compass the defeat of Burlingame. Political animosities are perhaps bitterer here than elsewhere, and enter more into private life. It would be difficult to say which hated the other the most, the Whigs, the Know-Nothings or the Democrats, and yet, melted down by one common hatred, they all ran together and made one homogeneous mass for the purposes of this particular malice. The Democrats accepted Mr. Appleton, a Whig of the Whigs, in the one district, while in the other the Whigs had to take in their turn Mr. Greene, the editor of the Boston *Post*, one of the most inveterate and malignant of the Democrats. It was a curious case of balanced attractions and repulsions, or rather of the force of natural affinities to bring together elements naturally cognate, that had been long separated by mechanical compulsion. It is to be hoped that these particles thus brought into normal cohesion will never be torn asunder again, but that they will always remain in one body, as they have always been animated by one soul and one spirit. If they cannot rejoice together in victory, they can, at least, mourn together over their defeat, and will have the consolation of having done what they could towards helping Douglas to subdue us.

But the funniest incident of the day was the congratulatory visit paid to Mr. Appleton, in the evening, by his victorious party. A rumour having reached the Headquarters of his friends that he was unquestionably elected, they proceeded, with tap of drum and clash of cymbals, to his house to offer their felicitations. The crowd having arrived before his door, announced their presence by triumphant strains and jubilant shoutings, while a select committee proceeded to his presence to announce the glorious tidings. Of course, Mr. Appleton could not believe that they would make such a demonstration as this unless they were sure of their facts, and for a brief hour he felt every inch a Member of Congress. The crowd without would not be satisfied without the vision of the successful candidate, and he was forced to exhibit himself on the balcony of his house and to make a speech, in which he more of heart than any I remember to have witnessed. And all its accompanyings were excellent and in the best taste. A cavalcade of more than a mile in length went out to meet him, composed of men of all ages and of all conditions of life. He was received at the line of the City by the Hon. Josiah Quincy, the oldest public man, in years and in date of service, in the City or State, and at the State House he was welcomed home by the Governor in his Executive capacity. The streets were thronged with men and the windows with women, and precisely the right spirit was shown by all concerned. And, for once, the Sims Brigade had the decency to keep out of sight. This particular pot of ointment was not made to stink by those flies—which was a crowning and peculiar mercy. Mr. Sumner has been ever since the guest of Professor Longfellow, at Washington's Headquarters at Cambridge. His health is thought to be better than when he arrived, but it is evident to all that see him that it must be long before he leaves behind him all trace of the murderous malice of Brooks. Perhaps you have seen the Western Roorback that he is to decline a reelection to the Senate! Some wish must have been father to that thought. I apprehend "there is nothing in it," as Sir Charles Coldstream says in the play. And, I imagine, he will be elected by the largest majority ever given to any candidate. It will be all but unanimous. The Fillmoreites, by coalescing with the Democrats, have elected some twenty members of the House (not one of the Senate) out of some four hundred or so. And this, after they had actually believed (unless they lied inordinately) that they were going to carry the State! Nothing (of the sort) can be more delicious than the way in which they have been squelched into nonentity.

I meant to have told you the rest of my pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Benedict Arnold, this week. But elections take precedence of everything else. But that will keep against a dry time.

D. Y.

SOUTH CAROLINA MANNERS.—On Tuesday evening last, in compliance with the courteous and complimentary invitation of several of the leading citizens of the city, including some well-known Republicans, William Gilmore Simms, Esq., a distinguished *litterateur* of South Carolina, appeared before a New York audience to deliver the first of a course of lectures upon themes more or less connected with the history of the Southern States. Under such circumstances it might naturally have been expected that the lecturer would at least forbear to insult his audience by indecent party and sectional allusions. In violation, however, of the proprieties which *gentlemen* who are so unfortunate as to have been born out of the limits of South Carolina usually regard as sacred, Mr. Simms, in the very commencement of his lecture, illustrated the manners of the plantation by alluding to Senator Sumner as an "ass" and a "reptile." In spite of this and other indecencies, he was heard patiently to the end. Suppose a Northern man—Emerson for example—standing before a Charleston audience and venturing to apply to Preston S. Brooks epithets which should convey the indignation and disgust generally felt at the North in view of his brutal assault upon the accomplished Senator from Massachusetts; in what manner would such an allusion probably be received? Might not the speaker deem himself fortunate if he escaped without a coat of tar and feathers—nay, if he was not even assassinated on the spot? Verily the impudence and audacity of Southern men has no parallel save in the cringing servility of the North.

MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—This Society, the youngest State auxiliary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held its Third Anniversary at Livonia, Wayne Co., on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 11th and 12th. Joseph Merritt, one of the Vice-Presidents, occupied the chair, and the following persons acted as a Business Committee: Marius R. Robinson, Henry C. Wright, A. T. Foss, Euphemia Cochran, Phebe Willis, Amelia G. Walton. Among those who participated in the debates, which are represented to have been interesting and spirited, were Marius R. Robinson, H. C. Wright, A. T. Foss, Sojourner Truth, Mrs. Coleman, of Rochester, N. Y., and Arthur Power. We shall endeavour to find room for the resolutions adopted on the occasion next week. The officers elected for the ensuing year are the following: President, THOMAS CHANDLER, of Adrian. Vice-Presidents, Jacob Walton, Jr., Adrian; Edwin Comstock, Adrian; Charles Carroll, Jonesville; Richard B. Glasier, Ann Arbor; Wm. Hopkins, Fremont, Indiana. Recording Secretary, Harriet De G. Fuller. Corresponding Secretary, Richard Glasier, Jr., Ann Arbor. Treasurer, Edwin Fuller, Plymouth. Executive Committee, Euphemia Cochran, Detroit; Cyrus Fuller, Plymouth; Norton Lapham, Farmington; Samuel D. Moore, Ypsilanti; George Roberts, Brighton.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION, to be held in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday next, will probably be an occasion of much interest. Among those who have engaged to participate in the proceedings are the following eloquent champions of the cause: Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips, T. W. Higginson, Lucy Stone, Samuel J. May, Susan B. Anthony, David A. Wasson, Frances D. Gage, C. I. H. Nichols, Ernestine L. Rose, Eliza W. Farnham, Horace Greeley.

THE *New York Observer*, which deliberately and habitually suppresses the history of events in Kansas, published last week nearly a column about Major Ben. Perley Poore's foolish fulfilment of a silly bet in wheeling a barrel of apples from Newbury to Boston. Families are suffering for lack of the necessaries of life in Kansas, and yet no appeal for aid finds its way into the columns of that pious sheet, though it has abundant room for such *religious* intelligence as that above referred to.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 652, contains: Life and Manners in Persia; The Athelings—Part V.; Timber Bending; Was Lord Bacon the author of Shakspeare's Plays? Protestantism from a Roman Catholic Point of View; Salome and I; Poetry; Short Articles.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORIENTAL ACQUAINTANCE; OR, LETTERS FROM SYRIA. By J. W. DE FOREST. Published by Dix, Edwards & Co., 321 Broadway, New York. 1856.

This is a book which will, also, interest those who like to hear of eastern customs and manners. The letters are written from Jerusalem and Mount Lebanon, from the banks of Jordan and the Dead Sea, and are filled with "Syrian facts and fancies," quite pleasant to read.

THE GOLDEN DAGON; OR, UP AND DOWN THE IRRAWADDI. BEING PASSAGES OF AN ADVENTURE IN THE BURMAN EMPIRE. By an AMERICAN. Published by Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. 1856.

This book, a copy of which we have received from the publishers, is a duodecimo of 311 pages, containing vivid pictures of life in Burmah, and a brief sketch of the English and Burman war, commenced in 1851. It is written in a pleasant and attractive style, and gives the reader valuable information.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES SUMNER, WITH CHOICE SPECIMENS OF HIS ELOQUENCE, A DELINEATION OF HIS ORATORICAL CHARACTER; AND HIS GREAT SPEECH ON KANSAS. By D. A. HARSHA, Author of Eminent Orators and Statesmen, etc. Published by Dayton and Burdick, 29 Ann Street, New York.

This book of 329 pages contains a brief sketch of the life of Mr. Sumner; copious extracts from his speeches; his speech entitled "The Crime against Kansas," and a detailed account of the assault made upon him in the Senate Chamber of the United States. It is well printed, and adorned with a likeness of Mr. Sumner, and a picture of the celebrated scene in the Senate Chamber.

CALIFORNIA, IN DOORS AND OUT; OR, HOW WE FARM, MINE, AND LIVE GENERALLY IN THE GOLDEN STATE. By ELIZA W. FARNHAM. Published by Dix, Edwards & Co., 321 Broadway, New York. 1856.

The name of Mrs. Farnham will commend this book to many readers, who will find in it an interesting portrait of exterior and interior life in California, as it was in the year 1851, and as it is at present. As the narrative of one who has struggled with the difficulties of an early settler in California, and has won valuable experience therefrom, it cannot fail to impart useful instruction to such as propose emigration thither, while to others who prefer travelling in books it will furnish very entertaining scenes of frontier life, which they may enjoy as they sit by their own fireside.

THE RIGHT WAY; OR, THE GOSPEL APPLIED TO THE INTERCOURSE OF INDIVIDUALS AND NATIONS. By Rev. JOSEPH A. COLLIER, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, Geneva, N. Y. Published by the American Tract Society.

We have received from the publishers a copy of this work, and do not hesitate to recommend it to our readers. It is what its title indicates, and it presents a true and vivid picture of the evils of War, of Retaliation and Revenge, of the blessings which naturally and inevitably result from the practice of the Christian principle of forgiveness and love to all men. It is a work admirably adapted to the real needs of this *professedly* Christian, but *practically* anti-Christian nation. The volume is small, well printed, and handsomely bound. They who really believe in the Christian philosophy of peace will do well to circulate it.

"THE EUROPEAN" is a weekly journal, which made its first appearance in this city on Saturday last. It is intended to meet the wants of those native Europeans in the United States who are earnestly opposed to slavery and its most serviceable ally and tool, the sham Democratic party. It is intended to contain, from week to week, all the information that can be gathered in Europe and America of especial interest to Europeans in the United States, and also such as may be needed by Europeans who contemplate emigration hither. The first number presents a very creditable appearance, and we hope the enterprise will prove successful. In form *The European* is a quarto of 16 pp.; its price is $3 per annum. In its imprint appears this unique announcement: "*N. B. This paper will not be sent to any place in the United States south of Mason and Dixon's line.*"

Summary.

A man named Hancock has been arrested in Union County, Ark., for distributing fire-arms among the negroes, with the intention to lead them to freedom in Kansas—so the story goes.

"THE CRY IS STILL" THEY GO!—The Parkersburgh *Gazette* states that swarms of emigrants from various sections of Virginia are daily passing through that place, and other points along the border, on their way to the Far West, in quest of rich lands, free schools, and low taxes.—*Times.*

There are rumours of a projected visit, next Spring, of the Grand Duke Admiral and Grand Duke Constantine of Russia to this country, with a fleet. The Grand Duke is considered as the eagle of the Imperial family and of the nation. He professes great admiration for the United States, the peculiar institution excepted.

The betting on Kentucky has been very heavy. We know of many instances of bets of extraordinary magnitude having been made on the result of the late election. Lands, negroes, cash, everything that is property in Kentucky, has been staked throughout the State. Hundreds of men are doubtless entirely ruined, and thousands sorely impoverished.—*Cincinnati Commercial, Nov.* 6.

THE REASON.—In the Ninth (Illinois) Congressional District, there are 11,186 persons of adult age who can neither read nor write. Of these, 10,987 are of native birth, and 199 of foreign birth. And in this benighted district, Buchanan has some 10,000 majority. In Winnebago County, where the last census return shows but nine persons who could not read and write, Fremont had a majority of 3,200. Ignorance is no more the mother of crime than it is the prop of slavery.—*Alb. Jour.*

Professor Hedrick, lately removed from the Chair of Chemistry in the University of North Carolina, for avowing himself in favour of free Kansas and Fremont, was in New York on Saturday on his way to Cambridge. He will take up his residence in one of the free States. The South cannot afford to lose her few noble men, but the North will welcome them as a most valuable acquisition.

A lady residing in Georgia complains, through the *N. Y. Tribune*, that her letters to friends in Kansas are opened at the post-office, and not only so, but the postmaster, who is a Methodist class leader, has refused to mail anything from her hands, and she is obliged to send a dozen miles to another office! A postmaster in Virginia recently refused to mail a letter to Mrs. Jessie Fremont, from a Virginia lady who is a relative of hers.

GOOD.—It is pleasant to see geniuses, unappreciated at home, wandering off into regions civilized enough to rate them at their true value. C. C. Burr, once of this city, has been stumping extensively (we forget on which side) in Tennessee, and one of the papers of that State, in the course of a slightly laudatory notice, says of him that, "like Calhoun, Webster, Clay, and all really great men, he speaks to convince men, not to sport with fancy, or please with rhetorical tropes and flourishes." Tennessee is a good country for Mr. Burr to stay in.—*Times.*

A GOOD SHOT.—A Virginia correspondent of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, in noticing the article in the *Charleston Standard*, which advocates the opening of the African slave trade, says he is "opposed to the removal of the unfortunate children of Africa from their native country, where the pious missionary of the Cross is permitted to open up to them the way of salvation, by teaching them to read the word of God, to Virginia, where that labour of Christian duty is prohibited under heavy penalties."

A REMARKABLE OMISSION.—The premiums awarded by the Virginia State Agricultural Society, at its fourth annual exhibition, held in Richmond last week, have been published. Among the awards are premiums for the best crops of corn, wheat and Irish potatoes; for horses, mules, short horns, cows, sheep, Bramah pootras, turkeys and chickens. But we do not find any allusions to the great Virginia live stock staples of gizzard feet and ebo shins, which, we had supposed from Governor Wise's speeches and proclamations, would hold the first rank in a classification of live stock at a Virginia Cattle Show.—*Times.*

A QUAINT INSCRIPTION.—On the top of a mountain, in the South of Scotland, called Sintac, there is said to be a large stone, in the form of a cap, in which is always contained a quantity of water for the refreshment of travellers. On this stone the following lines have been etched:

On Sintac tap, there is a cap,
And in that cap there is a drap:
Take up the cap and drink the drap,
And leave the cap on Sintac tap.

SERENADE.—Last evening Charles Sumner had a serenade of delightful vocal music, from the German Orpheus Glee Club of this city. He was in Cambridge at the residence of Prof. Longfellow, and the Club chartered two cars and went about ten o'clock. On their return from the residence of Professor Longfellow, the Club serenaded Mr. Burlingame, at the residence of Isaac Livermore, Esq., where they were invited to take refreshments; but they declined the invitation, on the ground that their company was so numerous that they did not like to crowd the house.—*Boston Telegraph, 13th inst.*

APPLES AND THE DEMAND.—The Maine *Farmer* reports that the apple crop of that State, in common with that of most other States, is very light, and good apples fetch a high price. The market price in Maine is from $1 50 to $3 a barrel, as to the quality, and the prospect is that they will command a still higher price.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* says: Western apples are selling higher than was ever before known at this season of the year. Sales were made yesterday as high as $4 per barrel. Long Island pippins continue to be put up in large quantities for exportation, at from $6 to $8 when rolled in papers and packed.

LOTTERIES.—The Providence *Journal* is publishing a history of lotteries in Rhode Island, from which it appears that there was scarcely a church or religious society in the State which did not, at some period of its existence, derive advantage from them, however shocking it may now appear. Some societies built their churches with money raised through lottery grants, others received assistance after their own means had been exhausted, while others merely used the money so raised to build steeples, "which would tend greatly to the ornament of the town," where the steepeleless churches stood, to set up clocks "for the great convenience of the market people," or otherwise expend it in similar superfluities.

VERY DANGEROUS.—Dr. Boyd, of Virginia, said last night, at the meeting of the Southern Aid Society, that "in the town where he lived they had a coloured church, in which, though it was *against the law* of the State, two coloured ministers officiated."

Dr. Boyd mentioned this fact with approbation, and that, too, in presence of the chief editor of the *Journal of Commerce!*

What! Dr. Boyd, do your folks in Virginia break the LAW OF THE LAND, and then you come up here and boast of it? Horrible! Where is the Union Safety Committee?—2 AND 2 ARE 5.—*Evening Post.*

EMERSON *vs.* CLEAN LINEN.—The sage of Concord, whose life may Heaven preserve a thousand years, increasing his wisdom annually, has uttered a sentiment against which, theoretically if not practically, we protest. He says the respectability of a man does not depend upon the number of clean shirts he puts on in a week. Now we hold that in some measure it does, and it ought to. If Mr. Emerson had said that a man's respectability does not depend on the quality of his broad cloth or the starch in his dicky, we should not have thought him so much mistaken. But a truly good man without a passion for clean linen, we hold to be an impossibility. We shall never despair of the Boston aristocracy while we can discover traces of this passion among them.—*Bost. Tel.*

PRO-SLAVERY RUFFIANISM IN NORFOLK.—A gentleman who has been doing business in Norfolk, Va., for some years, and who was formerly a resident of Fair Haven, voted in that city on the 4th inst. for Fremont. No sooner was it discovered, than he was beset by a mob and compelled to confine himself until Thursday morning, when, a fire occurring, public attention was diverted, and he left in disguise and fled to a vessel in the harbour, upon which he came home. He was in danger of losing his life during the excitement. There is freedom for you, with a vengeance.

Since the above was in type, we have heard more of this case. Mr. Stannard is the citizen referred to, and he is said to be one of the best and most inoffensive men in Fair Haven. This Norfolk is the spot that was once desolated by yellow-fever, and that called forth the pity, the money and the personal aid of the North.—*New Haven Palladium, Nov.* 12.

PUT OUT THE LIGHT.—The Gas Company in Louisville, Kentucky, has been obliged to shut off the gas from private houses, on account of the scarcity of coal. The river is so low that they are unable to obtain a fresh supply, and they have no other means of obtaining any. Notwithstanding that there is an abundance of coal within sixty miles of Louisville, and the river is annually either too low for its transportation by water or the navigation is suspended by ice, no railroad has been constructed to convey this indispensable article to market. The people of Louisville have been too busy in looking after their slave property to have any time to spare to provide themselves with the means of obtaining a supply of such a prime article of consumption as coal.—*Times.*

APPROPRIATE EMPLOYMENT FOR FILLMOREITES.—The Louisville *Journal* says, with an air of exultation:

"Four negroes, who escaped from this neighbourhood, were brought back yesterday by three citizens of Indiana. Two of the negroes belonged to Mr. Richard Phillips of Jefferson, who, as we all know, is a good American. *We hardly need add that the three Indiana gentlemen, who brought back the fugitives, are all Fillmore men.* If they had been Willard men, it is to be presumed that, instead of arresting and returning the slaves of a Kentucky Know-Nothing, they would have hung meat upon the bushes to aid them in their flight."

We do not doubt that the three negro-catchers were good Fillmoreites, but we fear that the *Journal* pays the Willard men a compliment to which they are not justly entitled.—*Times.*

A NUT FOR THE ABOLITIONISTS.—The Danville (Va.) *Register* says: On Friday last a respectable and intelligent free negro woman appeared in the Court, before his Honour Judge Gilmer, and made application for leave, under our laws, to sell herself to James J. Tinsley, Esq., of Cascade, in this County, as a slave. His Honour instituted very rigid inquiries into her motives, &c., and caused both parties to undergo a careful examination on oath, to show that no improper or undue influence had been brought to bear, and that this step was of her own wish and will. Her value was then estimated at nine hundred dollars, and the order was accordingly made that upon Mr. Tinsley's paying $450, or one-half her value, and giving bond to the amount of $500 that she should not become chargeable to the County, she should become his slave. The woman is twenty-one years old, healthy, of fine size and has three children, and is besides a woman of most excellent character.

DREADFUL DISASTER AT SEA.—The steamer Lyonnias, which left New York for Havre on the 30th ult., was run into Nov. 2d., in the night, by a vessel which proved to be the new bark Adriatic, from Belfast, Me., for Savannah. The Adriatic struck the Lyonnias nearly amid-ship, breaking such a hole as to cause her to sink rapidly. All efforts to save her proved unavailing, and the crew and passengers took refuge, some on a raft and others in boats. The number of passengers on board was 42—the crew numbered 25 or more. One of the boats was discovered by the Hamburg bark Elise, and its inmates, 16 in number, were brought safe to New York. There is reason to fear that the rest of the passengers and crew are lost. In the list of the former is the name of Mr. Albert Sumner, of Newport, R. I., elder brother of Senator Sumner. The Adriatic sustained but little injury.

PRACTICAL NONSENSE.—We suppose it is all right, and we dare say it is very funny—everybody laughs at it, and all Boston went out to see it—but we cannot tell where is the fun, the wisdom or the wit of rolling a barrel of apples thirty-five miles in payment of a foolish wager, that the winner forgave as soon as he had won it. But what wit and wisdom there are in this singular performance is not modopolized by Major Ben Perley Poore. A Mr. Batcheller, of Worcester, has lost a bet, also on the failure of Mr. Fillmore, and by the conditions of which he is bound to draw a barrel of beans from Sutton to Worcester. This, we learn by the newspapers that were so delighted with the former exploit, is quite as funny as the other; there being as much wit in beans as in apples, and as much wisdom in drawing a sled as in trundling a wheelbarrow. The same chivalrous spirit that has won such a notoriety for Major Poore, animates his great rival in the race of fame. We may expect a new ovation by the first snow.—*Providence Jour.*

THE "BLACK REPUBLICANS" AND THE "GENTLEMEN."—Col. Keitt, in his letter to Col. Wright, divides the people of Massachusetts into two classes, the "Black Republicans" and the "gentlemen." The magnanimous Carolinian, who has given such conspicuous proof of his generous and friendly disposition, would not detract from the merits of the former *if*, as he courteously says, *they have any;* and would regret if by reason of prejudice (prejudice in a South Carolinian; nonsense!) he had done injustice to any of the latter. Such men as Dr. Wayland and the clergy generally, such men as Gov. Hoppin, and the members of the General Assembly, and nearly all those who have been selected to fill the State offices, are the "Black Republicans." The "gentlemen," according to the South Carolina nomenclature, are those who walked in the Democratic Torch Light Procession. We do not object to the classification which prevails in that region. We think that the Carolina definition of gentleman is quite as sound as the definition of patriot. Subserviency to slaveholders makes the one; subserviency to slavery makes the other.—*Providence Journal.*

ANOTHER TERRITORY, we learn, is about to be organized by a portion of its inhabitants. On the last of September, an election was held at various points in the Gadsden Purchase for delegates to the Territorial Legislature of New Mexico, and for a delegate to Congress. The latter, it is expected, will present to Congress a petition for the separation of the Gadsden Purchase from the northern part of New Mexico, and the erection of an independent Territorial Government. To this post, Mr. R. P. Cook was chosen. How much of New Mexico they desire to have included within the new Territory, we are not informed; but the advocates of the separation say that the country is naturally divided, by the intervention of deserts and mountains, into two States or governmental jurisdictions. The Gadsden Purchase, or Arrizonia, as the residents sometimes style it, contains a total population of perhaps a thousand persons, of whom one-half are Indians, and a third Mexicans of a very low class. The rest are Americans and Germans. The principal village is Tucson (Tooksone), which aspires to be the capital of the new State. There is a fort in the vicinity of the place, with a small garrison of United States troops.—*Tribune.*

LECTURE ON "DISTINGUISHED WOMEN."—Dr. John S. Rock, of this city, whose name and talents are familiar to the public, has prepared a lecture on "Distinguished Women," which he is ready to deliver before Lyceums and other societies. It is an admirably written and most entertaining production, and is characterized by much originality of thought, and force and beauty of diction. It combines instruction and entertainment, in an agreeable proportion, and possesses withal not a few traces of effective humour and wit. It cannot fail to take with any discriminating and intelligent community. Dr. Rock is an easy, fluent and most agreeable speaker, no less than an original thinker. His lecture on the "Races," received with such signal marks of favour all over New England, and in several of the Western States—and which was delivered before the last Massachusetts Legislature with so much satisfaction—is favourable evidence of superior mental and oratorical powers; and shows, full well, that though his skin is of a darker hue than is worn by a majority of the community, he is in no respect inferior, but quite equal to our popular lecturers generally. He is also a most worthy and esteemed man and citizen, as many Bostonians well know. We would earnestly suggest to committees and others who are getting up courses of lectures, to include Dr. Rock. His "Distinguished Women" will grace any lecture-room, and edify and please any audience in New England. Let him be engaged.—*Boston Bee.*

AMNESTY IN RUSSIA.—The coronation of Czar Alexander II. has been marked by the dispensation of various graces and releases for the good of his subjects. Pre-eminent among these is the amnesty accorded to political offenders of 1825 and 1831 for the two insurrections: the first in St. Petersburg and Russia, the second in Poland and among the peasants of the Russian military colonies. This act of oblivion recalls to their homes all the condemned in Siberia, as well as the exiles in foreign countries. Those whose capital condemnation for their participation in the uprising of 1825 was commuted for banishment to Siberia for life, with the loss of their civil rights, nobiliar privileges and titles, completely recovered their former social positions. Children born to them in Siberia, who, according to Russian criminal legislation, belong, under such conditions, to the lowest social order, rise to the rank accorded to their parents. This amnesty extends to the Russian peasantry sent to Siberia for the insurrection of 1831, as well as to the Poles transported at that epoch, and to those condemned by the tribunal of Warsaw for having been the authors and principal actors of the movement of 1830. We find in European papers that Polish refugees in France and England avail themselves of the amnesty, and numbers of them return constantly to their long, long abandoned homes. But twenty-five years of separation and suffering will make them strangers even to the Fresh interests and generations, unfamiliar to them, have come on the stage. A king has arisen, knowing not Joseph. Thus, to many of them no warm hand will be extended at the threshhold where they played as children—none to show them the tomb of wife, children, parents, ancestors—homes and property having passed several times into the stranger's grasp.—*Trib.*

CHEAP SWEETENING.—If the last Congress had voted $75,000 to send to South America for sweet potatoes to be cultivated in Maine, we should have been a good deal astonished, and should have doubted whether that was so direct and efficient a way of sweetening the country as to abolish the duty on foreign sugar. But raising cane sugar in Louisiana is hardly less absurd than raising sweet potatoes in Maine. The climate of Louisiana does not perfect the sugar-cane any more than that of Maine does the sweet potato. The sugar-cane does not ripen its seed in Louisiana. It can be propagated only by cuttings. Though to encourage a small number of slaveholding sugar-planters in that State, Congress has kept the whole United States paying an *ad valorem* duty of 30 per cent. on their sugar, which in its various consequences is equivalent to doubling the price of every pound of sugar consumed, yet these thriftless planters have allowed their cane so to degenerate, by planting poor and immature cuttings, that the whole business must be abandoned unless they import new and healthy cuttings from the torrid zone. Thus down at the heel, the paupers come to Congress and beg it to re-plant the fields run out by their own improvidence. Congress votes $75,000 in cash out of the treasury and sends a government vessel to Demerara to cut canes for the Louisiana paupers to plant. Just imagine the amateur farmers on the Penobscot, having entirely failed in their attempts to raise sweet potatoes to any purpose, asking the United States to give them $75,000 worth of fresh seed, and send a United States brig after it! Would n't they wish they might get it? The Washington *Union* goes into an ecstacy of sublimity over this National Sugar Cane Expedition, and compares it to —— what do you think, gentle reader? Why to the great expedition to Asia Minor to buy camels for the slaveholders to ride on to California! Barbarism must be armed with barbarous appliances. Don't speak of railroads, a land of slaves should have deserts and dromedaries to match. If it can't raise the tropical productions of itself, tax the industry of all the free world to help it. The $75,000 is but a crumb. Out of every 10 cents which the free labouring man now pays for a pound of the coarsest brown sugar, at least 4 cents go the great crib out of which slavery feeds. The tax counts up by millions. But we shall have Fremont and free sugar bye and bye. One of these days we shall be doing something besides buying up camels in Asia Minor or cane cutting in Demerara, or importing darkness from the middle ages.—*Boston Telegraph.*

THE HOPEDALE COMMUNITY, as we are informed by *The Practical Christian*, has made important changes in its property arrangements. The joint stock, excepting a few thousand dollars, has been restored to the possession of its owners, the Domain individualized, combined industry nearly abandoned, and free inhabitancy opened to all persons professing to be friendly to the Declaration of Principles, however indisposed to become actual members of the Community. These changes have transformed the Hopedale Community from a Joint Stock to a kind of Rural Community. Adin Ballou, the founder, says: "I was much humiliated and crushed in spirit when the transformation took place. Fundamental Principles remained unchanged, but cherished organic arrangements were radically metamorphosed. I have at length become reconciled, in a good degree, to my disappointment. For awhile I felt as if the great Cause nearest my heart was fatally paralyzed. But divine intuitions, inspirations and convictions within me forbid me to despond, or to halt. They impel me to go forward. They show me that I expected too much of people in their present state of development; that substantially all I have proposed will be accomplished in the fullness of time; but that more must first be done to enlighten, purify and refine individuals and families *as such.* They show me that property, industry, and the economies of life cannot wisely be communitized until individuals and families are raised to a higher plane of excellence, spiritually, intellectually, physically, economically and in their whole character; and that then associative arrangements will be natural, simple and easy—needing scarcely any governing by leaders. Social friction, the inevitable result of defective individuality, is only aggravated by constrained intimacies of association. It is unwise to bring people nearer together than they are prepared to live. It costs more than it comes to. Then *governing* is a sorry business. We want no masters, no herd of passive, weakly dependents. The more human beings learn to govern themselves by divine principles, to discharge the duties of their proper spheres *well* without leaning on others, the better will it be for them and society. If an individual is so lacking in right principles, or right dispositions, or right personal habits, or in common sense, or useful knowledge, or general intelligence, or a decent sensibility and refinement, as to be an uncomfortable associate, it is not wise to crowd that person into close social intimacies with others. Give him or her a sufficiently wide berth. Indeed, I am now persuaded that the great thing to be done, without relinquishing or neglecting our external social organizations in the Practical Christian Republic, is to promote individual excellence, and family excellence. Excellence of Communal association will then follow with comparatively little effort."

DIED.

GAY.—At Hingham, Mass., on Sunday, the 9th inst. Arthur Otis, eldest child of Ebenezer and Ellen Gay, aged 2 years and 10 months.

JAY.—In this city, on the 13th inst., Ann Jay, eldest daughter of the late Hon. John Jay, and sister of Hon. William Jay, aged 73 years. Her funeral was attended by a large assembly in St. Bartholomew's Church, on Sunday last, the following gentlemen acting as pall bearers: Stephen Cambreleng, Esq., Judge Roosevelt, Nicholas G. Rutgers, Esq., H. W. Field, Martin Zabriskie, Esq., Ex-Governor L. Bradish, Dr. Gilford, C. B. Crosby, Esq.

TURPIN.—At Rochester, on Monday, Nov. 10, Mary E., wife of Joseph H. Turpin, in the 25th year of her age.

Acknowledgments.

DONATIONS.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Donation,	$500 00
A Counsellor, of London, Eng., by Thomas Sturge, Esq.,	£100 00
Stephen S. Foster, donation from Worcester County Anti-Slavery Society, North Division,	$ 7 00
Joseph A. Howland, do do do	3 18
Charles F. Hovey, Boston, for his pledge at annual meeting,	100 00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

Also, Collections by Parker Pillsbury.

At Leominster, Massachusetts,	$ 6 16
At Haverhill, "	9 06
At Springfield, "	3 00
Western Anti-Slavery Society, Ohio,	50 90
Pennsylvania " " Pennsylvania	25 00

Also, for Tracts.

Dr. Stone, Framingham,	1 00
Jacob H. Ela, Rochester, N. H.,	1 00

Special Notices.

☞ SALLIE HOLLEY WILL LECTURE ON SLAVERY in the following places and times specified:

Homer, Saturday, Nov. 22nd., 6½ p. m.
Ithica, Tuesday, Nov. 25th, 6½ p. m.
Immansburgh, Thursday, Nov. 27th, 6½ p. m.

Further notices will be given in due time. All who chance to hear her will be amply rewarded.

☞ NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—The Sixth Annual National Woman's Rights Convention, which was advertised for Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th and subsequently postponed, will be held at the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, in NEW YORK, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25th and 26th.

On behalf of the Central Committee, LUCY STONE.

☞ APPOINTMENTS.—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have appointed SUSAN B. ANTHONY of Rochester, N. Y., to be General Financial Agent of the Society for Anti-Slavery Conventions to be held in the State of New York.

CHARLES L. REMOND and SARAH P. REMOND of Salem, Mass., AARON M. POWELL of Ghent, N. Y., STEPHEN S. FOSTER and ABBY KELLEY FOSTER of Worcester, Mass., have been appointed Lecturing Agents of the Society, to attend the aforesaid Conventions.

☞ All letters on the business of said Conventions, and with regard to arrangements for future Conventions, should be addressed, for the present, to Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y. For the Committee, SAMUEL MAY, JR.

☞ The Friends of Peace and Universal Brotherhood are invited to meet in Convention in the City of Worcester, Massachusetts, on Saturday and Sunday Nov. 29th and 30th, to consider the subject of overcoming evil with good, or what is technically called Non-Resistance. The meetings to commence on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, p. m. It is expected that Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Adin Ballou and others will be present, and address the meetings.

In issuing this call, the Executive Council of the Hopedale Quarterly Conference are actuated by no motive but a sincere desire to promote the cause of Truth and Righteousness in the world. They would therefore earnestly hope that it may be responded to by prompt and general attendance of all who are interested in the cause.

Come, ye veterans who, through evil as well as good report, have ever remained true and faithful; we wish you to cheer us by your presence. Come, ye who, in the hour of weakness, have been seduced into the Golgotha of Politics by the specious sophisms

Miscellaneous Department.

STORY OF AN ACTRESS.

I DON'T know whether you ever heard of Mme. Dorval, though I can tell you that she was one of the most gifted actresses the world ever saw. She was unequalled for her pathos, and the sympathetic power of her exquisite sensibility established at her will a correspondence between an audience and herself which Mlle. Rachel never can command, and of which Mme. Ristori can give only a faint indication in her best moments. Unhappily for her fortune and her fame the doors of the French Comedy were closed to her, and the greater portion of her life was passed at the "Boulevard Theatres," which, being conducted by private speculation, can afford their servants neither the ample salaries of the French Comedy, and still less the provident pension with which the latter cheers the declining years of those whose days have been spent in its service. Besides, the vicissitudes of private enterprises tossed those theatres, and all persons in them, from prosperity to adversity with sufficient frequency to engender in the latter that careless improvidence which commonly attends uncertain incomes.

The years 1847, 1848 and 1849 were singularly disastrous periods for all persons connected with the theatres. Every capital of the continent then offered in its streets dramas more wierd, more startling, and of more intense interest than any playwright could build. If the King of the French was not flying from his country as plain "Mr. Smith," the new Prussian monarchy seemed crumbling; and when those throes were alleviated, the next act showed the crown of the Hapsburgs menaced with annihilation, the "Vicegerent of God" in flight from the Vatican. The penny-a-liners out-did Alexander Dumas.

Unable to get bread in Paris, Mme. Dorval made a provincial tour. Her only companion was her grandson, a beautiful infant of three years old, who, prematurely old from the life his family led, was at that tender age as reasonable and as thoughtful as if he had been twenty-one. It was her custom to carry little Georges (he was named after Georges Sand) to the theatre the first night she "opened" in any town; and after he had witnessed his grandmother's triumph, she would say to him: "Georges, my dear, it will fatigue you too much to come every night to the theatre; I'll put you to bed when I go away, and I'll wake you up on my return." "O, dan'ma, don't be afraid; *va*, little Georges will wake up by himself." And so the little angel would; for no sooner would Mme. Dorval enter the outside door than she'd hear her little grandson, clapping his hands and crying, "Bravo, Dorval, bravo!" She would enter the chamber, place the bag containing the night's receipts on the table, and then throw on the child's cradle all the crowns and bouquets (and she never lacked them) she had received; and, kneeling by the cradle's side, she would devour the gentle child with burning kisses, take her Bible, and read and pray. One evening, Mme. Dorval reached a city of one of the southern provinces, anxious—nay, *obliged* (you understand?)—to play that very night; for she had (with Luguet) her husband, three daughters, and three grandchildren to support. She dressed and went to see the manager, leaving little Georges quiet at the inn. In an half-hour she returned, sad even unto death. "What is the matter, dan'ma?" said little Georges, holding out his hands to her. "O, Georges! think, my dearest boy, this miserable manager, who has made me come, who has been pressing me to make haste, has not a piece ready, and it will be a week before we receive a cent?"—and poor Madame Dorval would take the child in her arms, and embrace and press him convulsively to her breast. "Patience, dan'ma, patience: we'll walk into the country every day. O! I can walk well, dan'ma; and, besides, it costs too much money to get a carriage." "Yes, patience, dearest darling, we'll have patience; and who would not be patient with you, *mon doux Jesus?*"

The provincial tour ended, and Mme. Dorval came back to Paris. She received the part of Marie Jeanne (known to you as "Madelaine, the Belle of the Faubourg"), to her great delight, for she had long been anxious for a new part; and the first person she told of her delight was little Georges: "My dear, dear child, I have a new part at last." "O, dan'ma, I'm so glad." "Come, sit down by my side, I'll tell it to you." Georges and Mme. Dorval sat down on the floor. "Dear Georges, it is dreadful; listen; there's a mother, a mother so poor she is obliged to abandon her child, her poor, dear little child she adores. I, Georges, you know, would never do such a thing, never, never. Oh, no! had I but one piece of bread at home, it should be his; and if there was none, I'd steal .... oh! no, no; not steal; I did not mean to say that; God says we must not steal .... oh! I don't know what I'd do .... but I'd never abandon my child .... think, Georges, of abandoning a dear darling of your age, her only child, and see him put into a sort of jail, where the mother never sees her child, and the child never sees its mother again." "O, dan'ma, dan'ma!" said little Georges, sobbing bitterly. "O, I'm sure of my part now," cried Dorval; "I have played it for my Georges, and made him weep. Come, Georges, don't cry any more; dear darling, don't cry; women who act so, Georges, are not real mothers; and I'm your dear mother, am I not, Georges—your own dear mother. Hug, kiss me, now. O! how wrong I was to make my own dear child weep in this way." Then poor Mme. Dorval would sob as none but she ever sobbed; now, little Georges would be pained to see her sob in this way, and would do all he could to amuse her—he would repeat his father's comic parts, imitate hunchbacks, talk like Punch and Judy—until, at last, Mme. Dorval would cease to weep, and, taking him up in her arms, would smother him with kisses: "I knew, dan'ma, I'd make yon laugh."

When Georges was four years and a half old, which was about the first of July, 1848, he ran, as usual, to the door, when he heard Mme. Dorval's step, crying, "Here's dan'ma! here's dan'ma!" She took him in her arms, to kiss him, and, in doing so, felt that he sunk in her arms—he fell on the floor, and lay there—he had fainted. An hour afterwards, the most terrible brain fever appeared. Eleven days afterwards, little Georges was a corpse.

For some hours after his death, Mme. Dorval stood staring on the cold form of her loved grandchild. Then she began to laugh and sing, and for three days she laughed and sung. The third day the coffin was brought, and Mme. Dorval placed him in it, laughing and singing the "Rockabye," with which she was wont to put him to sleep. The child's father stood by with a hammer and nails in his hand. Mme. Dorval was removed. The lid was adjusted. The father gave the first nail a stroke with the hammer .... Mme. Dorval bounded forward, pushed the father aside, tore off the lid, and bended over the child's body as if to defend it, shrieking, sobbing and groaning in the most heart-rending manner.

After the funeral, Mme. Dorval begged that she might have the sole use of the room in which the child had died. She locked herself up in it; all that day and all that night the door remained closed. When her son-in-law entered it the next morning, he found it made a sort of chapel; she had removed every object from it which had not belonged to Georges, or which was not an object of piety. The child's cradle was placed in the middle of the chamber and covered with flowers, and the sofa was placed by its side and covered with the large black veil she used in "Angelo, or the Actress of Padua." She never slept except upon that sofa. She remained constantly kneeling by this cradle, talking to Georges, as if he was still there, or asking him if he was happy in heaven with God and the angels, or she would read the Bible aloud, or she would sob as though her heart was breaking. Her family thought the best thing to be done was to procure an engagement for her at some theatre, and this they did; but instead of proving likely to divert her thoughts from poor little Georges, whenever she was obliged to go to the theatre, she would writhe with despair, weep, sob, curse her profession and reproach herself for forgetting Georges even for an hour.

One day she quitted the house early in the morning, and returned only at dark. Her family questioned her, but she refused to say where she had been; they thought, however, she had spent the day in some church, until one day she returned chilled through, coughing violently and thoroughly wet. Where could she have been? It had rained nearly all day, and the weather was excessively cold, for it was then late in January. Her son-in-law determined to follow her the next day, and see where she went. She went to the graveyard where little Georges was buried; he saw that she had purchased a chair, which she secured by a chain and lock to the iron-railing of the grave, and every morning there she went with her Bible, and there she staid all the day long, praying and weeping. To change this habit, her son-in-law persuaded her to make him a tour in the provinces. They went to Orleans. They had scarcely got out of the diligence, than Mme. Dorval ran off to the cemetery, and knelt for two hours praying by some child's grave. During the whole tour she would go every morning to the cemetery of the town in which they were playing, and purchasing at the gate as many flowers as she could carry, she would go among the graves, and, closing her eyes, throw the flowers around her, saying, in a tone of half-prayer, half-complaint, "For the little children, for the little children."

The provincial tour over, she came back to Paris. M. de Balzac offered her the leading part in "La Maratre," and once more she was in a hopeful temper of mind; but she had scarcely learned the part than it was taken from her. She felt this mortification deeply. She applied to the French Comedy for an engagement as *pensionnaire, at one hundred dollars* a month; her demand was *unanimously* rejected. The next day she started on a provincial tour, broken-hearted, penniless, and in despair. When she got to Caen, she was ill; a burning fever had attacked her. "Tear down the play bills," said she, "and send for a priest: then go get me a small chamber somewhere in the town, a small chamber with white-washed walls, a bed, and a crucifix, and no other furniture, nor other ornament." She made her son-in-law promise to write nothing about her to her family, but to make them believe they were playing every night. She did not know a soul at Caen, nor did her son-in-law. For thirty-seven days and nights she lay there in bed. Her son-in-law, Luguet (the "first comic" now at the Palais-Royal Theatre, "the most irresistible droll" in Paris), sat by her bedside in the sole chair which was in the room, sleeping when she slept, seated in the chair, and reposing his head on the bed. He did *everything*; he arranged the bed, changed her clothes, washed and dried her linen in the poor chamber where they were; for they had not money enough to hire a nurse, nor to pay a laundress. All the jewels they had they carried to the pawnbroker's. Once a week they wrote home—"All's well; we play every night, and in the morning we visit the neighbouring country; we amuse ourselves extremely."

The thirty-fourth day, the kind doctor who came every day to see Mme. Dorval said to M. Luguet, "I am very much afraid this is my last visit. You may expect a great catastrophe at any moment." Mme. Dorval now spent her whole time in singing snatches of the airs of old *operas-comiques*. "Come, Luguet dear, do you sing bass!" All night long they sung. At daybreak Dorval went to sleep, and Luguet could scarcely refrain from falling on the brick floor, out of exhaustion. The next day she asked Luguet to go out into the country and get her flowers. He did so. "Put them all at the foot of the bed, and place little George's portrait in the middle of them." For two days and two nights poor Mme. Dorval kept her eyes fixed in a steady stare upon the portrait and the flowers, and she did not speak a word during the whole of this time.

The thirty-eighth morning she said to Luguet, "I am dying; we must set off instantly to Paris, for I want to see my dear children before I die." The last jewel was carried to the pawnbroker's, and two places for Paris taken in the diligence. She reached Paris alive. The first thing she did was to send for M. Alex. Dumas, and she made him promise that her body should not be thrown into the *fosse commune*. "All I have," said she, "is sold, or at the pawnbroker's; there is not enough in the house to buy a taper to burn by the side of my corpse; but don't bury me in the *fosse commune*; a grave costs only six hundred francs." Dumas promised she should have a grave; she murmured, laying her hand upon M. Luguet's brow, "Luguet has been sublime" ... and she died.

M. Dumas hastened home to get the money for the grave and the funeral; he could find only two hundred francs; he called on M. de Falloux, then Minister of Public Instruction, and mentioned these melancholy circumstances to him. M. de Falloux replied that he could do nothing as Minister, but that as an individual he would give one hundred francs. This three hundred francs M. Dumas carried to Mme. Dorval's family; he found there M. Victor Hugo, who had procured two hundred francs from the Minister of the Interior. Two hundred francs were still wanting: M. Dumas made every exertion to obtain them .. he could find them nowhere. In this great capital, in this centre of "generous Frenchmen," the miserable sum of two hundred francs could not be procured! M. Dumas at last carried his diamond cross of the Order of Nisham to the pawnbroker's and obtained the two hundred francs on it!

An appeal was made to Mlle. Rachel to play on a benefit night for the family; she consented, but postponed, and postponed, and postponed for so many months, the $1,100 brought in by the performance, and which would have proved everything to the family a month after her death—would have saved her children from the direst poverty—was as a drop in the bucket five months after their bereavement. *Bis dat qui cito dat.* Everything was seized by bailiffs. In a week not a cent remained of the proceeds of the benefit performance. In three months all the furniture was seized and sold.

But, after all, Mll. Rachel had done a great service to the family, and the grateful family resolved to offer a souvenir to the great .... I mean the celebrated tragic actress. Ah! what could they send .... the house was empty. They determined to send her Dorval's Bible—a Bible filled with meditations by Mme. Dorval—poems by Victor Hugo, and other poets. A suitable inscription was printed on the cover in gold letters, and, after many tears had been shed, and many kisses given the sacred volume, it was sent to Mlle. Rachel. The next morning Mme. Senneville called on the family. You are to know that Mme. Senneville is the *alter ego*, the *alias*, the "next friend" of Mlle. Rachel. She held the Bible in her hand: "Rachel sends me here to say to you, *chers enfants*, that she is deeply touched by your attention; but you see, a Bible to an actress! .... *eh bien!* she would prefer some other souvenir, the least thing, a jewel worn by Dorval." "Madame," replied Luguet with a sad smile, "there is not a jewel left in the house; all are sold or at the pawnbroker's." "*Comment, comment*, have you not even that pair of bracelets Benazet gave?" "We have nothing except a gold crown, given to Dorval by Toulouse, and that" .... "Oh!" said Mme. Senneville, interrupting M. Luguet, "that is the very thing; send that, here's your book."

The next morning, Luguet, with his family weeping around him, broke off the leaf on which was engraved "Homage Paid to Genius"; and, dressing his children in white, gave them the crown and sent them to Mlle. Rachel. "Go, my dear children," said he, "to Mlle. Rachel; she is a lady of great talents, who has been very kind to us. You will embrace her affectionately, and give this crown in the name of your poor grandmother, in the name of poor little Georges, and in our name." Off the children went, and impatiently was their return awaited by their parents, who could not believe that Mlle. Rachel had sent Mme. Senneville—that Mlle. Rachel would rob them of that crown. In three-quarters of an hour the children came back. They had not seen Mlle. Rachel. "We were shown into the *kitchen*, and told to wait there for an answer; the chambermaid took the crown, carried it up stairs, and returned to say *C'est bien* (All is right); and then she sent us home." Execrable Rachel! Own blood of Judas, who sold his Lord!—*Paris Corr. of Bost. Atlas.*

SONGS OF THE BLACKS.

THE only musical population of this country are the negroes of the South. Here at the North we have teachers in great numbers, who try to graft the love of music upon the tastes of our colder race. But their success is only limited. A few good singers are produced, and some fine instrumental performers, but the thing never becomes general. Music may perchance be the fashion for a winter. But it does not grow to a popular enthusiasm. It never becomes a passion or habit of the people. We are still dependent on foreigners for our music. Italian singers fill our concert-rooms, and German bands parade our streets.

Throughout the country the same holds true. Singing masters itinerate from village to village, to give instruction in the tuneful art, but the most they can muster is a score or two of men and maidens to sing in church on Sunday. Brother Jonathan is awkward at the business, and sings only on set occasions. Let him be enrolled in the ranks of the choir, and placed in the front of the gallery, and he will stand up like a grenadier, and roll out lustily the strains of a psalm. But all his singing is done in public. He makes little music at home, or at most only on the Sabbath day. During the week his melodies are unheard. He does not go to his labour singing to himself along the road. No song of home or country, of love or war, escapes his lips as he works in his shop or follows the plough. Our people work in silence, like convicts in a penitentiary. They go to their tasks, not with a free and joyous spirit that bursts into song, but with a stern, resolute, determined air, as if they had a battle to fight, or great difficulties to overcome.

Even the gentler sex, who ought to have most of poetry and music, seem strangely indifferent to it. Young ladies who have spent years in learning to play on the piano, and sing Italian airs, drop both as soon as they are married. Enter their houses a few months later, and they tell you that they are out of practice; they have forgotten their music, their pianos are unopened, and their harps are unstrung.

Compared with our taciturn race, the African nature is full of poetry and song. The Negro is a natural musician. He will learn to play on an instrument more quickly than a white man. They have magnificent voices and sing without instruction. They may not know one note from another, yet their ears catch the strains of any floating air, and they repeat it by imitation. The native melody of their voices falls without art into the channel of song. They go singing to their daily labours. The maid sings about the house, and the labourer sings in the field.

Besides their splendid organs of voice, the African nature is full of poetry. Inferior to the white race in reason and intellect, they have more imagination, more lively feelings and a more expressive manner. In this they resemble the southern nations of Europe. Their joy and grief are not pent up in the heart, but find instant expression in their eyes and voice. With their imagination they clothe in rude poetry the incidents of their lowly life, and set them to simple melodies. Thus they sing their humble loves in strains full of tenderness. We at the North hear these songs only as burlesqued by our Negro Minstrels, with faces blackened with charcoal. Yet even thus all feel that they have rare sweetness and melody.

Mingled with these love songs are plaintive airs which seem to have caught a tone of sadness and pathos from the hardships and frequent separation of their slave life. They are the Songs of their Captivity, and are sung with a touching effect. No song of a concert-room ever thrilled us like one of these simple African airs, heard afar off in the stillness of a summer night. Sailing down the Mississippi, the voyager on the deck of the steamer may often hear these strains, wild, sad and tender, floating from the shore.

But it is in religion that the African pours out his whole voice and soul. A child in intellect, he is a child in faith. All the revelations of the Bible have to him a startling vividness, and he will sing of the judgment and the resurrection with a terror or a triumph which cannot be concealed. In religion he finds also an element of freedom which he does not find in his hard life, and in these wild bursts of melody he seems to be giving utterance to that exultant liberty of soul which no chains can bind, and no oppression subdue. As hundreds assemble at a camp meeting in the woods, and join in the chorus of such a hymn as

> "When I can read my title clear,
> To mansions in the skies,"

the unimpassioned hearer is almost lifted from his feet by the volume and majesty of the sound.

No voices of well trained choir in church or cathedral, no pealing organ, nor mighty anthem, ever moved us like these voices of a multitude going up to God under the open canopy of heaven. Blessed power of music! that can raise the poor and despised above their care and poverty. It is a beautiful gift of God to this oppressed race to lighten their sorrows in the house of their bondage.

Might not our countrymen all learn a lesson from these simple children of Africa? We are a silent and reserved people. Foreigners think us taciturn and gloomy. So we are, compared with the European nations. The Germans sing along the banks of the Rhine. The Swiss shepherd sings on the highest passes of the Alps, and the peasant of Tyrol fills his valleys with strains wild as the peaks and the torrents around him. But Americans, though surrounded with everything to make a people happy, do not show outward signs of uncommon cheerfulness and content. We are an anxious, careworn race. Our brows are sad and gloomy. Songless and joyless, the labourer goes to his task. This dumb silence is ungrateful in those who have such cause for thankfulness. Americans are the most favoured people on earth, and yet they are the least expressive of their joy. So that we almost deserve the severe comment of a foreigner, who, on seeing the great outward prosperity and yet the anxious look of the people, said that "in America there was less misery *and less happiness* than in any other country on earth."

Let us not be ashamed to learn the art of happiness from the poor bondman at the South. If slaves can pour out their hearts in melody, how ought freemen to sing! If that love of music which is inborn in them could be inbred in us, it would do much to lighten the anxiety and care which brood on every face and weigh on every heart. The spirit of music would beguile the toilsome hours, and make us cheerful and happy in our labour.

Nor would this light and joyous heart make us too gay, and so lead to folly and frivolity. On the contrary, it would prove a friend to virtue and purity. The sour and morose spirit, when it recoils from its oppressive gloom, is apt to plunge into the worst excesses. The absence of a cheerful buoyancy is one of the causes which drive men into vice and sin. If every family sung together at early morn, that lingering melody would render their spirits more elastic. With his children's voices in his ear, the hard-working man would go more cheerfully to his labour, and those melodies would make his spirit sunny and joyous through the day.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE PREACHING OF THE TREES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRUEN.

AT midnight hour, when silence reigns
Through all the woodland spaces,
Begin the bushes and the trees
To wave and whisper in the breeze,
All talking in their places.

The Rosebush flames with look of joy,
And perfume breathes in glowing;
"A Rose's life is quickly past!
Then let me, while my time shall last,
Be richly, gaily blowing!"

The Aspen whispers: "Sunken day!
Not me thy glare deceiveth!
Thy sunbeam is a deadly dart,
That quivers in the Rose's heart—
My shuddering soul it grieveth!"

The slender Poplar speaks, and seems
To stretch its green arms higher:
"Up yonder life's pure river flows,
So sweetly murmurs, brightly glows,
To that I still aspire!"

The Willow looks to earth and speaks:
"My arm to enfold thee yearneth;
I let my hair float down to thee;
Entwine therein thy flowers for me,
As mother her child adorneth!"

And next the wealthy Plum-tree sighs:
"Alas! my treasures crush me!
This load with which my shoulders groan,
Take off—it is not mine alone;
By robbing, you refresh me!"

The Fir-tree speaks in cheerful mood;
"A blossom bore I never;
But steadfastness is all my store;
In summer's heat, in winter's roar,
I keep my green forever!"

The proud and lofty Oak-tree speaks:
"God's thunderbolts confound me!
And yet no storm can bow me down,
Strength is my stem and strength my crown;
Ye weak ones, gather round me!"

The Ivy-vine kept close to him,
Her tendrils round him clinging;
"He who no strength has of his own,
Or loves not well to stand alone,
May to a friend be clinging."

Much else, now half forgot, they said;
And still came creeping
Low whispered words upon the air,
While by the grave alone stood there
The Cypress mutely weeping.

O might they reach one human heart,
These tender accents creeping!
What wonder if they do not reach?
The trees by starlight only preach,
When we must needs be sleeping.

..T. B.

THE EDITION OF "HAMLET" IN 1603.

THE following communication appears in the London *Athenæum*, October 4th.

In reference to the recently-discovered copy of Shakspeare's "Hamlet," bearing date in 1603, about which so much has been said in the newspapers, and for which the sum of £120 has, it is stated, been given, your readers may like to be informed that, not long after I published my edition of Shakspeare in 1843 and 1844, a large portion of a copy of the "Hamlet" of 1603 was put into my hands. It had formed the fly-leaves and lining of the binding of an old book, was considerably damaged, and was offered to me at a comparatively low price. I did not buy it, as I had at that date finished my book, and did not then contemplate, what I am now daily engaged in preparing, a new impression of my eight volumes octavo. Even for a new impression, it would have been, in a manner, valueless to me, because, by the great kindness of his Grace, I had had in my possession for many months the Duke of Devonshire's copy, wanting only the last leaf, and had collated it most exactly with the extremely accurate reprint (the most accurate I ever so examined) made by Messrs. Payne and Foss in 1825, just before the original was placed among "the Kemble Plays," in Piccadilly. In the whole of the sixty-two pages (without the title, the back of which is blank) I only detected the variation of two unimportant letters and one stop.

As to the value of the original, and the sum the Duke of Devonshire paid for it, I may mention that the "Hamlet" was in a volume consisting of six or seven old dramas (all rare—R. Greene's "Alphonsus," 1599, being one of the commonest among them), and that His Grace gave only £100, or 100 guineas—I forget which—for the whole of them. For the fragment of the "Hamlet," 1603, already mentioned, I was never asked more than £10, and my belief is that it was ultimately sold to an American bookseller for less.

What became of it afterwards, I do not know; but it contained, among others, sheet G, which presents, perhaps, the most noticeable point belonging to the entire drama. In the famous closet scene (Act iii., sc. 4), the hero exclaims, "My father, in his habit as he lived!" just before the *exit* of the Ghost; and hence it has been inferred that the Ghost was not then in armour, as when he appeared on the platform early in the tragedy. This opinion is fully confirmed by a stage-direction only found in the "Hamlet," 1603 (Sign G 2. b)—*Enter the ghost in his night-gowne.* The note in my corrected folio, 1632, is—"Enter Ghost *unarmed*," the old annotator having previously twice stated that the Ghost was *armed*, when it was seen by Horatio and by Hamlet in Act i. I have, in my edition of Shakspeare in 1843 and 1844, gone particularly into the variations between the quartos of 1603 and 1604, and I there gave it as my opinion that the former was made up chiefly from short-hand notes taken in the theatre, in order that a printed copy of so popular a performance might be prepared for sale with the least possible delay. That this practice was much more common than has been hitherto supposed is my deliberate opinion; but, as in my notes twelve years ago I did not go at all fully into this point, I may be excused for just touching upon it here, in anticipation of what I shall have to say upon the subject in my forthcoming reimpression. As I have written short-hand all my life, and well know the principles upon which every system of the kind is, and has been, founded, I may be excused for speaking with some positiveness on the subject. I will adduce, at present, only one instance, and your readers may, perhaps, take my word for it, that proofs of the same fact might easily be multiplied. This instance occurs in Scene ii. of Act ii., where Horatio has told Hamlet of what they had seen on the platform, adding,

> As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true;
> And we did think it writ down in our duty,
> To let you know it.

This is, of course, as the passage stands, in the authentic editions, as far as any of them can properly be called authentic, but in the "Hamlet" of 1603 the speech stands thus:

> As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true
> And wee did think it right done
> In our dutie to let you know it.

Now, here all is exact, as far as words are concerned, excepting two, which, it happens, would be so spelt, in short-hand, that they might be read either "writ down" or *right done*; and it is singular that either makes excellent sense, and exactly the sense required, only one is a figurative expression, and the other a mere prosaic statement. In short-hand, vowels, as is well known, are usually rejected, and as few consonants as possible employed, for the sake of brevity and rapidity: in the short-hand I was taught in my boyhood, the letters used for "writ down" would only be *rt dn*, and those very letters might be read "writ down," or *right done*. The actor of the part of Horatio doubtless said "writ down"; but the short-hand writer, next day perhaps, finding *rt dn* in his notes, and forgetting the words they were meant truly to represent, copied out, in his transcript, the words he imagined were those of the poet, viz., *right done* instead of "writ down." Having no ear for verse, or, in the haste of mechanical copying, having no time to attend to it, he carried the three words, "in our dutie," to the next line, to which they did not belong. Had "Hamlet," unfortunately, only come down to us in the mangled and mutilated form of the quarto, 1603, recollecting the plain sense the words *right done* make in the text, he must have been a bold emendator who would have ventured to recommend "writ down" in their stead. An outcry would instantly have been raised against him, and he would have been told that the man who wished to substitute "writ down" for *right done* could know nothing about the language of Shakspeare or his contemporaries. Such is the usual observation of those who have nothing better to say, and who, relying upon ears accustomed to particular words, defend even the most ridiculous corruptions.

While upon this topic, I may add that I have recently obtained the most irrefragible evidence that Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew" was published in quarto long before it found a place in the folio of 1623. It is capable of most distinct and undeniable proof, that Heminge and Condell printed that comedy from a previous edition in quarto.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

From the "Gentleman's Magazine."

A NEW chapter remains to be added to the next edition of the "Curiosities of Literature," "On the Impositions of Literary Swindlers, and the Credulity of Scholars," a chapter the materials for which may be gathered in ample abundance from the times—to go no higher—of Chatterton and Ireland, till quite recently, when Simonides gained such unenviable notoriety. Some twenty years ago the learned world was startled to hear that the lost books of Sanconiathon's Phœnician History had been brought to light from the recesses of the Portuguese monastery of Santa Maria de Merinhao, by a Colonel Pereira; and true enough a volume in genuine Greek characters was edited by a Dr. or Herr Wagenfeld, who had succeeded in manufacturing a spurious composition, blending fluent Greek and colourable ancient history in equal proportions; a composition, however, which the Grotefends and the Schmidts of Germany refused to swallow. Happily, such cases are rare indeed among scholars, who, it is to be hoped, when they yield to the temptation of deceiving the public, are only conscious to themselves of intending a little mischievous waggery, and of watching the effects of their perverted ingenuity on a credulous public, without stopping to reflect on the immoral nature of their proceedings. Such an excuse, however, cannot possibly be extended to the unprincipled Greek, Simonides, whose forgeries have been executed with all imaginable talent and skill, but with a direct view to money-making. Constantine Simonides is now said to be in his 36th year, and to be a native of the island of Syme in the Ægean sea, where his father, who is still living, is a merchant. Constantine received an excellent education, and resided for a long time during his youth in the monasteries on Mount Athos, where he devoted himself chiefly to the study and practice of early Greek calligraphy, and towards acquiring an extensive knowledge of Greek and Egyptian antiquities. At the same time he occupied himself with the arts of design and lithography, both of which came to his aid in his admirable imitations of ancient manuscripts.

It was in the year 1847 that he first made his appearance on the stage of public life, by offering for sale at Athens a number of what he pretended to be the rarest and oldest MSS. of works which had long been given up for utterly lost; as well as standard works in the existing classical literature. His statement of the way in which he became possessed of them was to the effect that his uncle had discovered them in a monastery on Mount Athos, and that he (Constantine) had brought them away secretly; being afraid, as he pretended, of enemies and spies, of whom he professed to stand exceedingly on his guard. We will not dwell, however, upon his exploits at Athens and Constantinople, from both of which cities he was compelled to withdraw in disgrace, but accompany him to England, at the commencement of the year 1854, in order to complete our previous account to the latest time.

In London his first visit would be, of course, to the British Museum, where he disposed of some genuine MSS.—for he took care to have a few of these among his spurious wares; but Sir Frederick Madden foiled Simonides in his attempt to dispose of any of his forgeries. We are not fully aware of the measure of his success among private individuals in England, but have heard that traces of his presence may be discovered in the vast collections of Middle-Hill. For the sale of his MSS. in England he is said to have received important sums of money.

From England he returned to Leipzig in 1855, after stopping a few days in Berlin.

His proceedings in Leipzig, and subsequently, relate chiefly to the remarkable case of the pretended MS. of "Uranios," which will, in all probability, form the concluding act in his disgraceful career, unless he can discover some new country, to which the fame of his tricks has not travelled.

At Leipzig, in July, 1855, Simonides went to reside with a countryman of his own, named Alexander Lykurgos, from whose pamphlet of "Revelations" we are chiefly indebted for the present statements, and who was cognizant, he says, of the previous suspicious proceedings of his compatriot, but esteemed him, nevertheless, on account of many valuable qualities and accomplishments, and wished, by proper management and advice, to lead him to become a good character. Lykurgos charitably attributed the previous disorderly career of Simonides to the excessive license of an unbridled fancy, and an enthusiasm which only needed restraint to be directed to worthy purposes. How deceived he was, good easy man, we shall see anon. Simonides was not long in acquainting his friend respecting the manuscript treasures brought from Mount Athos. Of those MSS., that one described as "Uranios" has become most notorious, from the belief in its authenticity entertained by the celebrated Greek scholar, Professor William Dindorf, of Leipzig, by whose representations the University of Oxford was induced to print a specimen of the MS., said to have been written by Stephanus of Byzantium, and to be a record of the early history of Egypt. Lykurgos says that a critic in the *Athenæum* has fallen into a great error in stating that Dindorf has perhaps seen more Greek MSS. than any living scholar; on the contrary, the greater part of Dindorf's labours consists in his making use of the results which other scholars have obtained from their study of manuscripts. Although Dindorf was deceived, it was only for a short time; for his obstinate belief in the genuineness of the "Uranios," notwithstanding the warnings of Lykurgos, could not resist the investigations of the profoundly learned Egyptian scholar, Lepsius, who was the first to detect the cooked-up text, partly derived from his own works and the works of Chevalier Bunsen, or refuse to yield to the experienced glance of Tischendorf, whose extensive travels in search of ancient MSS. of the Holy Scriptures enabled him to pronounce at once that the palimpsest of "Uranios" was a forgery. It should not be forgotten that the illustrious Humboldt refused to yield his belief to the genuineness of "Uranios," while most of the scholars of Berlin were disposed to acquiesce in a contrary opinion. Professor Dindorf allows that he advised Simonides at first to try and sell the MS. in England, where it might be disposed of to most advantage: but says that he afterwards withdrew from any thought of a personal agency in the affair, and that he neither offered the MS. for sale in England nor in any other place, except at Berlin. We know its history there, and how Simonides was apprehended at Leipzig, when on the point of starting afresh for England, with all his packages and effects ready for the journey; how he was transported to Berlin, put in prison there, tried, and—acquitted, to the surprise and astonishment of all. The reason assigned for this unlooked-for escape of Simonides from merited punishment is said to have been his ignorance of the transaction of Professor Dindorf with the Berlin Academy, which purchased the MS. of "Uranios" for 5000 dollars, by the advice of Dindorf; and in consequence of this ignorance, Simonides, by the law of Prussia, was held not amenable to punishment. On the 29th of March Simonides made his triumphant appearance at the *Café Français* in Leipzig, boasting of his innocence, and declaring his resolution to have satisfaction for the unjust persecution he had suffered from the Leipzig scholars. The Professors of Berlin, he said (*teste* Lykurgos), accompanied him as a guard of honour to the railway station, and Lepsius offered him money, should he have occasion for it. He was even offered his choice, he affirmed, of receiving back his MS. or money in exchange for it. This state of things, however, did not last long; for on March 30 the police gave him notice to quite Leipzig, and to bend his step homewards; and at 3 p. m. on the same day he took his departure for Vienna, with a guard of police on this occasion to do him honour.

As to Professor Dindorf's concern in this unfortunate affair of "Uranios," no one will believe, who knows the high character of the worthy Professor, and his devotion to Greek literature, but that his only fault consisted in letting his zeal outrun his discretion, in the hope of ushering a long-lost work into notice and fame, and thus diverted his attention from the very suspicious antecedents and character of Simonides. That the Professor, who had been so long the friend and correspondent of the late eminent Greek Professor at Oxford, should have induced the Curators of the University Press to listen to his proposal to print a specimen of "Uranios," is not to be wondered at, considering Dindorf's reputation at Oxford, as the editor of many Greek classics printed at the University Press; but surely Oxford has scholars of her own capable of editing any ancient author, without seeking to delegate such an office to foreign scholars, however eminent. Oxford was not deceived by Simonides; on the contrary, her able and accomplished Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian Library, the Rev. H. O. Coxe (who edited a Catalogue, in 2 vols. 4to., of the Greek MSS. in the Bodleian), immediately detected the forged Greek MSS. placed before him by Simonides, and compelled him to make a hasty retreat from the banks of the Isis. We know also that a translation of the celebrated article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, published more than two years since, was in circulation in Oxford at that time, in quarters not likely to see the original, and had the effect of acting as a further warning against any attempts of Simonides to foist off his false ware in that great mart of literature; where we pray that "true religion and learning may forever flourish and abound."

BOOKSELLERS' ADULTERATIONS.

THERE is a great authority for saying that critics should do sharp justice upon bad books, as upon malefactors; but what do the booksellers deserve? There are two classes of them, at least, that ought to be marked for *surveillance*. The one class is composed of certain shilling-volume publishers, the other of magazine manufacturers, especially those of a philanthropic tinge. As to cheap literature, we are persuaded it is what the best literature will come to, and the sooner the better, good cheap books having a strong effect in driving bad cheap books out of the field. But it seems to be considered that, to make up a volume for a railway stall, nothing more is necessary than a few forgotten sketches from old periodicals, some grossly bad illustrations, and a chimerically repulsive yellow cover. When the process has been advanced thus far, the most disgusting part remains—the composition of a puff. A curious change has taken place in this respect. Formerly, the least scrupulous advertiser was careful to quote his authority, and the list of testimonies ran thus: "The world will writhe under this satire."—*Wormwood Mercury.* "We are much deceived if this poem does not become immortal."—*Tin Trumpet.* "Since Horner, we remember no novelist so successful."—*Country Cousin.* "The essay is a gush of intellectual glory."—*Earthen Vessel.* Now, whatever the absurdity was, somebody had written, printed and perhaps paid for it. Even the "everlasting immortality of a particular work of travels" was really attributed to it by an evening paper. But, at present, that necessity seems abolished. We take up a batch of reprints in dragon's blood board covers, and learn from the fly-leaf, "These are the happiest efforts of their author." The same fly-leaf presents other literary intelligence. Some ghastly parody of Cooper's Red Indian Romances in embellished wrapper is pronounced "a most thrilling tale of extraordinary adventures," not one of the weekly animalculæ lending even the sanction of *its* name to the imposture. Then, a mass of epileptic comedy on the late war is offered, "so truthful that the reader can hardly imagine the story to be a fiction." "The most delightful book of travels ever written" is next in the list, followed by "one of the most delightfully written tales we have ever read"—the said *we* being the composer of the fly-leaf, or the critic of some unacknowledged gazette. We have no information, moreover, as to the name and weight of the reviewer, who recommends a shilling selection of sketches as the companion volume of the *London Labour and the London Poor*; or, as to the authority which affirms *Lily and Love* to be a specific for the moral complaints of children; or with respect to the claims of a youthful American authoress "to rank among the first writers of the day"; or as to "the other productions" of a talented lady, which are to be surpassed by her last production. Well may the great publishing houses, dreading to be confounded with these concocters of puffs, exclude "critical opinions and laudatory notices" from *their* catalogues.

One of the worst consequences of this traffic is, that no book published in America is too bad to be republished as a shilling volume in England. It is announced as a story which sold ten thousand copies in one day at New York. The cover is of burning crimson, imprinted with a white school-girl, and, on the fly-leaf, criticism is anticipated by the remark, coolly and loftily written, that "This entrancing story will be read by the ruddy light of every Christmas fireside throughout the kingdom"; or, "No mother should allow her daughter to reach a marriageable age without reading this romance." Our last specimen, it should be observed, relates to a story by an English writer, and was published by himself. When comic publications—imitations of *Punch*—were in vogue, many a block of boxwood was cut with very few impressions taken from it. Consequently, the thing was thrown into the market. It turns up on the railway stall. You find a portrait of Sir Peter Laurie doing duty as the ruined banker in a tale of City life.

The trade in second-hand woodcuts is considerable, the use made of them being abominable. It is not two years since a great manufacturer of cheap publications was accustomed to take a monthly expedition to Paris, where he bought the old blocks at the offices of illustrated periodicals, and, returning, employed his clerks to "write up to them," which was done with much educational flourish and infinite deception. Having been used in England, the wood engravings were next exported to America, and we have lately encountered them in this third form, illustrating a third class of "literature." The same building has figured as a Rock Temple in India, the Interior of a Tomb in Egypt, and the Approach to the Napoleon Shrine in Paris. We have met with the same figure as Zaïdée, as the heroine of a Spanish story, and as the daughter of Herodias; and we should not be surprised to behold its fourth appearance as a Princess of Oude.

The present is the season for such manufactures. They have an open market. They glow upon the stalls. But the woodcuts are not so bad as the letterpress they illustrate. This is often got up with the most pernicious facility, the writers themselves ridiculing the publishers who issue their cold-pressed verbiage as the "educational feature" of some deplorably illiterate miscellany. Fortunately,